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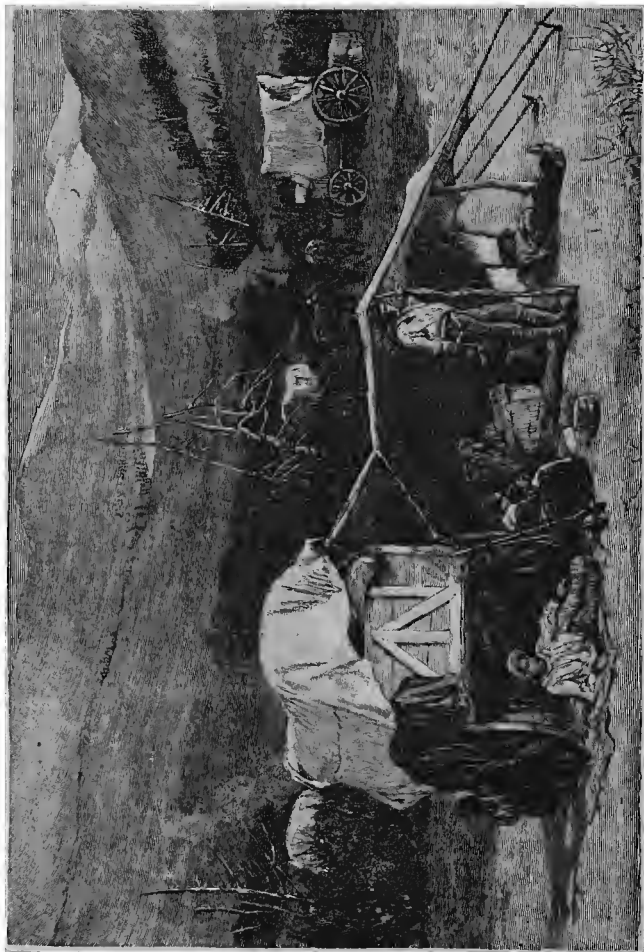
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WAGON-TIRE CAMP

IN CITY AND CAMP

BY

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A District Messenger Boy.



CHAPTER I.

UNWILLING PASSENGERS.

WHAT is your name, boy?"

"Joe Curtis, sir."

"And your number?"

"Two hundred and ninety-seven."

"Very well, now listen to what I say, and see that you do exactly as I tell you. I am going to Providence by the Sound steamer that sails in an hour and a half; take these tickets, go to the office of the boat, get the key of the state-room I have engaged and paid for, and put these satchels in it."

"Yes, sir."

"Then wait near the gangway of the steamer until I come, for I shall probably be late, as I have

to take a sick friend with me. Be sure to have the room ready, so that I can have him carried directly from the carriage to his berth."

"I will wait for you, sir."

"What are the rates?"

"For an hour and a half, ninety cents, sir, and car fare extra if you want me to get there in a hurry."

"Very well, here is a dollar, and see that you do exactly as I have told you."

Joe touched his cap, took the two valises that the gentleman pointed out to him in one corner of the office, and, staggering under the heavy weight, started for the nearest elevated railroad station. Joe was scarcely large enough to carry the valises; but when he succeeded in getting a situation in the messenger service he knew that he would have plenty of hard work to do, and was fully prepared for it. Besides, this acting the part of porter was by no means so difficult a job as some that had been assigned to him in the post six weeks and he went about it as philosophically as if he had been a man, instead of a boy only twelve years old.

Arrived at the dock, he had no trouble in getting

the state-room key, and, after caring for the baggage, it was only necessary to wait near the gang-plank until his employer should appear.

It was by no means hard work for Joe to wait for the gentleman; in the bustle and confusion everywhere around him he found plenty to occupy his mind, and, forgetting how hard he had struggled to get the baggage down there, he thought he had been particularly fortunate in being assigned to the work.

The moments went by so fast that when the last bell sounded, and Joe heard the cry of "All ashore that's going," he could hardly believe it possible that he had been on the boat more than an hour, waiting for the gentleman and his sick friend.

"He's got to come pretty soon, or else his state-room won't do him much good," Joe said to himself as he stood close by the gang-plank with the key in his hand, ready to deliver it without delay.

But although carriage after carriage was driven up just in time for its occupants to get on the boat, Joe's employer did not come, and the boy began to understand that unless he made some decided move at once he would be carried away.

"He told me to look out for the baggage until he came ; but I don't s'pose he meant for me to go to Providence if he didn't come."

The sailors were pulling the gang-plank ashore, and Joe saw that his time was indeed limited. Since he had been ordered to care for the baggage until the gentleman came, he had no idea of leaving it on the steamer, neither did he propose to make a trip to Providence.

"I'll get the things out of the room, an' then wait on the pier," he said to himself as he ran up to the saloon where the state-room was located.

There were a large number of passengers on the boat, and, despite all Joe's efforts, he could not get through the crowd quickly. He struggled and pushed, even at the risk of incurring the displeasure of those gentlemen who were in his way, until he reached the state-room. To get the valises out after he was once there was but the work of a few moments, and then he had another difficult task to reach the main deck.

When he did get there, breathless and excited, he saw that his efforts had been in vain, for the steamer

had already left the dock, and was so far out in the stream that unless he had been Mr. Giant-Stride of fairy-tale fame, he could not have leaped ashore.

"Well, this is nice!" exclaimed Joe as he stood looking at the dock on which he fancied he could see the man who had been the cause of his involuntary voyage. "Now what'll I do?"

He stood looking about him in doubt and perplexity, uncertain whether to go to the captain of the boat and demand that he be landed at once, or to explain the situation to some of the passengers in the vain hope that they might be able to aid him, when he heard the sound of sobs close beside him.

"Hello! did you get carried away too?" he asked as he saw a boy not more than eight or nine years old crying bitterly. "Come here, sonny, an' tell me what the matter is, for it looks as if you an' I were in the same scrape."

"They 're takin' me away from mamma an' papa, an' I'll just jump overboard," was sonny's answer.

"O don't get like that," said Joe soothingly, as he placed the valises carefully in one corner, and took the child by the hand to reassure him. "They

ar'n't to blame, 'cause they told everybody to go on shore that wanted to, an' we didn't go."

"I couldn't," sobbed the boy, "he held me, an' when I cried he struck me in the face."

"Who did?"

"The man that made me come here with him. Mamma let me go out in the street to play if I wouldn't go away from the block; but that man came up an' asked me if I did not want a real live pony, an' I did, an' I went with him to get it."

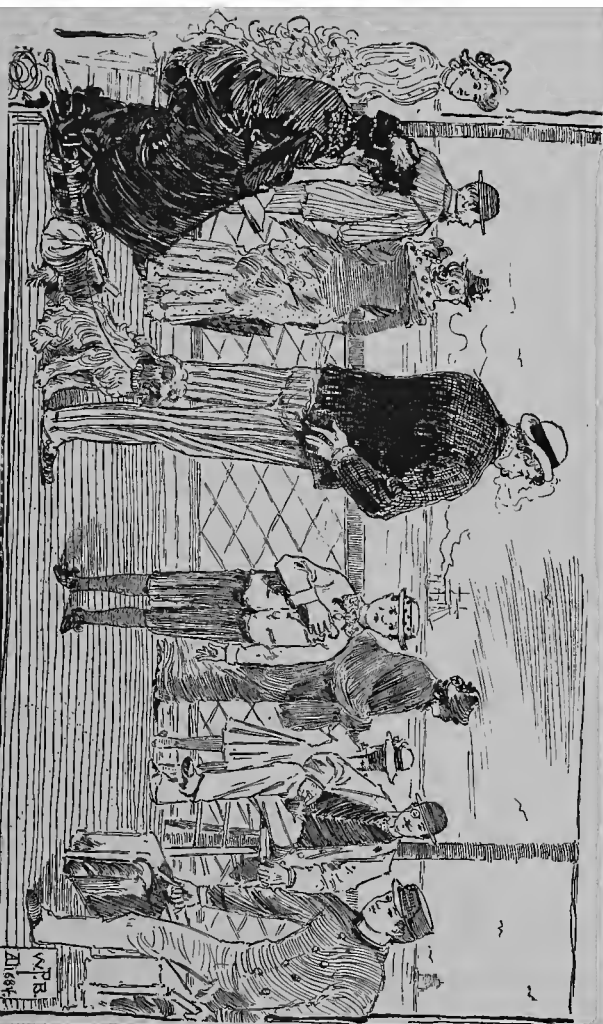
"An' you forgot what you promised your mother," said Joe sagely.

"Yes, 'cause he said it was only a little ways off; but when we'd walked two blocks, I wanted to go home, an' he told me he'd cut my throat wide open if I said anything; and then we come here."

"Why, he's up an' stole you, that's what he's done," said Joe, as with his hands deep in his pockets he stood contemplating the boy whose trouble was so much greater than his.

"Oh dear!" wailed the child, as he hid his head in the corner and gave way to his grief. "I'm goin' right straight home, an' I *won't* stay here."

"HELLO," SAID JOE, "DID YOU GET CARRIED AWAY, TOO?"



Joe was touched by the boy's distress; he forgot his own troubles, which were light as compared to the little fellow's, and did his best to comfort him.

"Now see here — what's your name, though?"

"Ned."

"Well, Ned, you couldn't get home now, so you'd better stop crying, an' we'll see if we can't fix it in some way. Where's the man?"

"He went down-stairs when the boat started, an' he told me he'd beat me black an' blue if I spoke to anybody while he was gone."

"An' prob'ly he would," said Joe. "If he dared to reg'larly steal you he'd dare to do anything else; but I'll get away before he comes up, an' I'll go an' tell the captain of the boat. Then I rather think the man will wish he'd never'd said anything about a pony, for he'll be arrested."

"No, no, don't!" cried Ned, "he'd be sure to kill me if you should do that, an' then what good would it do me?"

"But you hain't goin' to let him carry you off, be you?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Ned, and he began to cry piteously again, while Joe tried to soothe him by wiping away the big tears with the cuff of his jacket.

"I think you'd better let me tell the captain," he said.

"I can't, 'cause he knows another man on the boat, an' one of 'em would be sure to kill me. Why won't you let me just go with you?"

"I would if I knew where I was goin'; but you see I'm most as bad off as you are," and then Joe told him of his misfortune in having become an involuntary passenger, concluding his story by saying: "An' I've got a mother that'll feel just as bad as yours will; it will be worse for her too, 'cause she says now that father's dead I'm all that she's got, an' every cent I make I carry home to her, 'cause she has to work hard to get money to pay the rent."

Joe could understand very readily by Ned's clothing that their homes were widely different. Had it not been for his uniform the messenger boy would have worn a very shabby suit of clothes, while Ned

was not only dressed expensively, but he wore what was to Joe the very height of extravagance — a gold ring.

“Even if you don’t know where you’re goin’, take me with you,” said Ned. “If you’d help me, I’d try to get away from that man — there he comes now, don’t let him whip me.”

“I’ll go off so’s he won’t know we’ve been talkin’, an’ just as soon as he leaves again I’ll come back,” said he.

He had just time enough to dart behind a pile of baggage before the man came up, and he needed but one glance to convince him that Ned had good cause for fear. The man’s face was so brutal looking that even he began to think perhaps it might not be advisable to appeal to the captain of the steamer lest the story should not be believed, and he be called to an account for interfering.

The valises were still where he had left them, and marching boldly out, but feeling quite the reverse of what he tried to assume, he took the baggage, not heeding the pleading look Ned gave him, and went to the state-room, where he remained

some time trying to make up his mind what he could do to aid the boy who had appealed to him. He did not for a moment entertain the idea of leaving him with that man. Suddenly what seemed to be a very brilliant idea came to him, and he walked down-stairs on to the main-deck again, leaving the door of the state-room unlocked.

The man was seated by Ned's side smoking, and Joe went from one place to another, keeping the couple in sight all the while, until he saw him walk away with a companion who spoke to him, and who looked quite as detestable as he.

Joe made sure that the two had gone into the lower cabin, and, running quickly to where Ned sat, he said: "Come up-stairs with me as fast as you can, an' I'll show you what to do." Then, taking the little fellow by the hand, he hurried to the upper deck, not looking around and hardly daring to breathe until they were in the state-room with the door securely fastened and the blind of the window closed.

"There!" he exclaimed triumphantly in a whisper, "I guess this fixes Mr. Man, an' when he tries

to find you he'll think that stealin' boys hain't so easy as he thought it was."

"But he'll come up here to get me," said Ned, hoping that there was an opportunity for him to escape, yet frightened at the step he had taken.

"He may come up-stairs; but how can he find you? See here, Ned, I've got two tickets for the passage in my pocket, an' the room's been paid for by the man I told you about. Now we can keep in here till the boat stops, and then I guess we can give him the slip; but I hain't thought yet how we either of us can get home."

"But s'posen he comes right up here to the door?"

"He won't do that. Can't you see, Ned, that he don't know anything more about this room than he does of any other? We're all right for a while any how; but I guess we'll be pretty hungry, 'cause we can't get anything to eat."

"I don't care 'bout that if he don't get hold of me again," said Ned, growing bright and happy as he realized his temporary safety.

The boys examined the tickets Joe had, looked curiously at the snug little cabin, wondered what

the man would say or do when he could not find Ned, and, finally, the first novelty of the situation having passed away, they talked of their homes.

It was the most unwise thing they could have done, so far as peace of mind was concerned, for at the thoughts of their mothers waiting and watching for them, both broke down. Ned laid down in the berth without a thought of hiding his grief; but Joe, who considered it his duty in his position of protector to the younger boy, to appear unconcerned, was obliged to stand by the window in order to cry without being seen or heard, and he wiped his eyes with the curtain until his cheeks were stained blue and green from the dye of the fabric, in a sorrowfully ridiculous fashion.

However, it happened neither of the boys quite understood, but, despite their deep sorrow, they both fell asleep shortly after Joe laid down by the side of Ned to comfort him, and did not awaken until morning. The sun was streaming in through the slats of the blinds, the throbbing of the engine was stilled, and everything betokened the end of the voyage.

Neither of the boys had undressed, for they had anticipated a long, dreary evening during which they would be very hungry, and Joe had fully intended to walk around the boat for the purpose of learning what Ned's enemy was doing. They had not laid any plans, and in this Joe felt that they had been culpable, since now that they were at liberty to go on shore, neither had an idea of what course to pursue.

"While you are washing your face I will go out and see if that man is around anywhere," said Joe finally, "an' I'll lock the door and take the key with me so's there won't be any chance of his gettin' in while I'm gone."

Ned did not much like being left alone, but he made no objection, since he could readily see that it was of the highest importance that they should learn if the men were watching for them.

Joe went into every portion of the boat in which passengers are allowed; but without seeing either Ned's captor or his companion. Had he been on deck when the steamer arrived at Newport, he would have seen the two men land there, after

searching vainly for the boy they had stolen, much as if they feared they might be called to an account for what they had done. Of this, of course, Joe knew nothing; and when he failed to see either of the men, he naturally feared they were waiting on shore in the hope of catching Ned as he landed.

It was but seven o'clock, and as a number of the passengers were yet on board, the stewards had paid no attention to the state-room the boys occupied; otherwise an explanation might have been made which would have prevented both the young passengers much trouble.

"It's morning, Ned, an' I s'pose we're in Providence," said Joe as he came back to the state-room where the child was waiting in fear and trembling the result of his trip on deck. "I can't see anything of the men, an' perhaps if we go on shore now they won't catch us. We've got to take these valises, for the man told me to watch 'em, an' that means that I've got to keep right side of 'em."

Ned manfully took hold of one side of the heaviest piece of baggage, and with anxious hearts, the two left the room.

At the gangway the children were stopped by the man whose duty it was to collect the tickets. He looked at the small boys with the large valises curiously ; but as Joe gave him the two pieces of pasteboard that entitled them to first cabin passages, the officer could do no less than allow them to land.

Even though they were supposed to be in Providence, they were some distance from the city, as they learned when they were off the pier, and Joe said :

“Now, Ned, I’m sorry to make you do it, but we’ve got to walk fast if we don’t want those men to catch us,” and that was sufficient to induce the boy to do his best.

But, no matter how frightened a boy may be he cannot walk very far on a hot morning without breakfast, more especially if he has had no supper the night previous, and some time before they were near the city, both Ned and Joe were obliged to rest.

As a matter of course, they had seen nothing of the men, and with the feeling of freedom came the

question which should have been settled the night before — that of where they should go.

“I declare, I don’t know what we will do,” said Joe in answer to Ned, and then he chewed a piece of straw vigorously, as if by that means he hoped to be aided in arriving at some satisfactory conclusion. “You see the trouble is that we’ve got all this baggage to lug ’round, when it’s about as much as we can do to get along ourselves.”

“Why don’t you leave the things somewhere? You never can find the man that owns ’em, even if you carry them all the way back to New York,” said little Ned sensibly.

“That’s so, Bub,” said Joe, “but all the same, you see he told me to take care of them, an’ I’ve got to do it, or else they’ll blame me at the office.”

Just then an express wagon passed, which suggested to Joe a very simple way of disposing of his burden.

“I’ll tell you what we can do,” he said as he started to his feet quickly, while his face lighted up with pleasure at the idea. “We’ll walk along until we come to an express office, an’ then we’ll just

send the valises on to where I work. I know we can do that, for last week somebody sent two trunks there, an' the manager had to pay the bill for bringing them."

Unfortunately it never occurred to Joe that it also would be possible to get money sufficient to pay for the passage home by telegraphing to the manager of the office.

"We've got a dollar," he said as they trudged along, the valises seemingly growing heavier each moment, "and jest as soon as we get rid of these we'll get something to eat."

At the express office the clerk took the baggage and gave Joe a receipt for it without unnecessary conversation. If he had not been so busy he might have asked some questions, and thus the boys would have been advised as to the proper course to pursue; but as it was they walked out little thinking how much they might have learned, and rejoicing that they were freed from a heavy burden.

After they had made a very satisfactory breakfast on a pie which Joe bought for the small sum of ten

cents, in consideration of the fact that it was not as fresh as a first-class pie should be, they walked in the direction of the wharves as a first step towards learning how they should get home.

It surely seemed as if they had been singularly fortunate in taking this step, for they had gone hardly more than a block when they met a boy about ten years old, who appeared to know all about it. It was not a difficult matter to make his acquaintance, for he met their advances considerably more than half-way, and in a few moments the three were comfortably seated on some barrels near the pier, discussing the situation.

CHAPTER II.

A BROTHER MESSENGER.

YOU see you have to go up that way to get to New York," said the boy, pointing with an air of wisdom, "an' if you fellers want to get home real bad, I'll carry you there to-morrow myself in a boat."

"How long would it take you?" asked Joe, just a trifle doubtful as to whether this boy could do as much as he said he could.

"Only two or three hours if we have a fair wind."

"But we was all night comin' down in the steamer," remarked Joe quickly.

"That's nothin'," said the boy contemptuously, "for this boat I'm goin' to take you, in can sail more'n four times as fast as any steamer you ever saw. Why, she sailed right around Tom Stevens'

boat the other day, an' there wasn't any wind at all. I tell you what it is, just you come up here with me an' *see* her, then you'll *know* what she can do."

There was no reason why the boys should not accept the offer since they had plenty of time at their disposal, and they started at once.

"What's your name?" asked Joe, thinking that perhaps it might be as well to call the boy by his right name, as to be obliged to attract his attention by "say," or "look here."

"Bartholomew West," was the prompt reply, as the boy looked around much as if he expected they had heard of him, and would recognize the name at once. Not seeing the flush of joy he had expected would lighten up the faces of his acquaintances when they knew who he was, he walked on ahead, much as if he was angry, until they arrived at the end of the street at the water's edge.

Bartholomew pointed to a beautiful little yacht that was riding at anchor a short distance from the shore, and said in a tone of triumph:

"That's the boat!"

Joe and Ned stood looking at her with such undisguised admiration that Bartholomew seemed willing to forgive their ignorance in not knowing him, and at once entered into a detailed account of what the yacht had done in the the way of sailing.

“Do you s’pose you could manage her?” asked Joe. “You see I don’t know anything about boats, an’ of course this little shaver here don’t.” •

“Manage her? Why, I could sail a whole ship all alone if I wanted to,” was the confident reply. “Now you fellers be ready just as soon as it’s light to-morrow mornin’, an’ we’ll start.”

“Then you’ll have to come back alone,” and Joe began to fear that they were accepting too much from this new acquaintance, who must belong to some important family in the city since he was the owner of such a beautiful craft.

“Well, I hain’t sure but I shall stay in New York after I get there, an’ if I do I’ll give you fellows lots of sails in the boat. You see I’m —”

Bartholomew had assumed a confidential tone, much as if he were about to impart some important

secret; but evidently concluded not to, since he stopped suddenly, and looked as if he had already betrayed too much.

"Why can't we go now?" asked Ned, who was growing more and more homesick each moment.

"We can't start until to-morrow morning," said Bartholomew decidedly, "'cause we couldn't get the boat till then. You see some of the men will be aboard of her pretty soon now."

"Couldn't get the boat?" repeated Joe in surprise. "Why can't you have her whenever you want her if she's yours?"

"Well — well — you see some other fellers are going to have her to-day," said the boy in confusion.

"If she was my boat I wouldn't lend her to anybody," said Ned, gazing at the beautiful yacht.

"I have to sometimes," said Bartholomew; "but we can get her to-morrow mornin' if we're down here early enough."

It never occurred to Joe that his new acquaintance intended to steal the yacht; he had no idea but that the boy owned her, although it did seem

a little queer that he did not offer to take them on board then. "But what'll we do all day an' to-night?" he asked finally. "We hain't got but ninety cents, an' —"

"Ninety cents!" exclaimed the yacht-owner. "Have you fellers got ninety cents?"

Joe explained how it happened that they had that amount, and Master West was so delighted that he acted very much as if he wanted to embrace them. "You stay right with me," he said as he took each by the arm in an affectionate manner. "I'll show you where you can sleep, an' nobody won't ever find you. Now come up with me, so's we can get what we want."

"What we want?"

"Why, yes, if we're goin' to sail from here to New York we've got to have some things to eat, so we'll go up an' get some candy, an' some peanuts, an' crackers, an' a lot of things."

Joe was not just certain whether or no it was wise for him to spend his money, although it did seem as if it was his duty to do so since Bartholomew was going to take them home.

He did as the owner of the yacht proposed, spending half of his money in the purchase of such dainties as Master West fancied, and then, in order to see if they had been cheated, as Bartholomew said, sat down on a doorstep to test the goods.

It seemed to Joe as if Master West ate a much larger proportion of the articles he had purchased than was strictly necessary in order to learn whether they were as they had been represented, since more than half the stock had been consumed before the question was decided. Of course Ned and Joe ate some of the dainties; but they only tasted of them while Bartholomew had a regular feast, and only stopped when, by eating as much as possible, he had lost his appetite for such things.

After this repast was ended, and the remainder of the eatables packed away in Joe's and Ned's pockets, Bartholomew appeared to have lost his desire to show his new acquaintances around the city; he still said that he would carry them to New York on the following morning, but he seemed to think that they should be able to care for themselves until then.

"I've got to lay 'round so's to find out whether anybody's goin' to be on the boat this evenin'," he said, "an' you fellers had better wait on the wharf awhile. Perhaps we can all sleep on board the boat to-night, an' if we can, I'll come back for you and take you aboard."

"Where are you going now?" asked Joe.

"Over near where the boat is."

"Why can't we go with you?"

"It wouldn't do, 'cause somebody might see you, an' then they would know what we was up to."

"What if they should?" asked Joe quickly, beginning to think that the yacht owner did not appear to have many rights on board of his own vessel.

"Can't you take your boat when you want to?"

"Oh, I'll tell you all about it to-morrow, after we're on the way to New York," said Master West.

"You stay right around the wharf till I come back."

Before either Joe or Ned could prevent him, he had darted away in the direction of the yacht, leaving his two friends at whose expense he had just been feasting, to look out for themselves.

"Do you know, Ned, I don't believe that feller

owns the whole of the boat, 'cause he acts so queer about her, an' I'm almost sorry we spent that money for what we did. You see it belongs to the office, and when I get back an' tell the manager that I had to spend it to get something to eat, he'll take it out of my wages."

"I wish we was home, an' my papa would give you the money to pay back," said Ned warmly. "Oh, dear, have we got to stay here a whole night?"

"I'm 'fraid we have, Ned, an' it makes me feel awful bad to think about mother. She must be about crazy 'cause I don't come home, an' as likely as not the manager thinks I run away with the money."

"*My* papa had gone away, so he don't know that I didn't come home," said Ned with quivering lip; "but my mamma is feeling as bad as yours is."

"Yes, Ned, but we won't talk about it now 'cause it don't make me feel very good. We'll wait awhile, an' if that West boy don't come we'll start off some where, 'cause I'd rather walk than stay 'round here."

"Don't you s'pose the captain of the steamboat would let us go back if we should tell him what made us come here? I'm sure my mother would pay him when we got home," said Ned.

"Do you s'pose she'd have money enough? You know it would cost much as two or three dollars apiece."

"Course she's got enough. Why, sir, if she wanted as much as twenty dollars she could get it, my mother could."

"Then let's go right down to the steamboat an' see if they'll take us, you are a sensible little chap," and Joe started to his feet; but he stopped suddenly as a second thought came to him. "It wouldn't do to go, 'cause the man that stole you is waitin' round there prob'ly, an' he'd catch you sure."

"Oh, dear, I'd forgot all about him," said the child.

Joe made no reply; seated on a pile of boards, with his chin in his hands, he gave himself up to the most gloomy reflections, so hopeless did the case seem. He had remained in this sorrowful

attitude some moments, with Ned silent by his side, when both were startled by a shout :

"Hello, there ! why hain't you up to the office ?"

Joe sprang to his feet. He saw just behind him a boy about his own age, in the uniform of a District Messenger. "Why, you hain't one of our boys, are you ? Where did you come from ?" continued the new comer.

Joe looked first at the uniform and then at the boy that wore it as if uncertain whether he could trust the evidences of his own senses.

"Well," said the messenger, "what's the matter with you now ? Does it overcome you very much to see me ?"

"Where did you come from ?" asked Joe.

"Come from ? Why, I belong here. What are you doin' ? Where do you work ?"

"In New York."

"New York !" exclaimed the boy, and he uttered a prolonged whistle. "You don't mean to say that you was sent way down here with a message, do you ?"

"See here," Joe made up his mind in an instant.

"I'm in an awful bad scrape, an' so is this little feller; sit down here an' I'll tell you all about it."

"All right; but I guess we'd better get behind those barrels, 'cause if anybody should see me they'd think I ought to go back to the office, even if I *have* got half an hour off."

A convenient place for conversation was found behind some barrels, where the two were almost completely screened from view, and then Joe told the story; but not without many interruptions in the way of exclamations of surprise, almost incredulity, from his brother messenger. He concluded by telling the story of their meeting with Master West, and his offer to take them to New York in his yacht.

"Was it Bart West that you met?" asked the boy.

"His name was Bartholemew."

"An' where is the boat?"

Joe explained as well as he was able the locality in which they had seen the yacht, and the messenger said quickly:

"Well, you don't want to have anything to do

with that feller, 'cause he's a reg'lar duffer. He's too lazy to work, an' he hangs round the city like a loafer. That boat hain't his at all. I know who owns her. Bart West hain't got money enough to buy one end of a punt. He was goin' to steal the yacht, that's what he was going to do, if he was goin' to do anything, an' if you had gone off with him you'd got into a pile of trouble."

Quite naturally, both Joe and Ned were alarmed at the narrow escape they had had, for they would have gone with Bart West without a question.

"Well, how *are* you goin' to get home?" asked the Providence boy.

"That's just what we don't know. We don't dare to go to the steamer, 'cause that man might catch Ned again. I'm afraid we'll have to walk if that West boy don't own the boat."

"Walk!" echoed the messenger, "why, it would take you a year to do it, an' then I hain't sure that you could get there."

"Well, what can we do? Can't *you* help us somehow if you know all the folks here?"

"I s'pose I could," said the new acquaintance

as he rubbed his chin reflectively. "If I should tell our manager about it, I guess he could telegraph to New York to find out if it was all right, an' then he could fix it so's you could go back on the boat; but he *couldn't* send the other feller, 'cause you see he hain't one of the crowd."

"Oh, don't go away an' leave me here, will you, Joe?" asked Ned imploringly, a sense of utter loneliness coming over him as he thought of what might happen to him if he were left alone.

"Indeed I won't, Ned. If we can't get home together I'll stay and go with you if we have to walk every step of the way."

Ned stole his hand shyly into Joe's, to thank him for the promise, and the messenger said in a tone of superior wisdom :

"You see if he was a messenger like we are, it would be all right; but I'm most sure our manager wouldn't have anything to do with him. But you stay here, an' I'll tell him what you've said, an' then I'll come back to let you know what he's going to do about it."

The boy leaped out of the hiding-place, running

swiftly towards the office as if he would scorn to walk while he had his uniform on, and Ned and Joe were left alone, two very forsaken feeling little fellows, even though there was a faint prospect that they might escape from their present difficulty.

Joe was obliged to repeat again and again to his weary little charge that he would remain with him, and they were talking of what they would do in case they were obliged to walk home, when suddenly they heard Master West calling to them.

"Well, what is it?" asked Joe coolly, feeling that he had good cause for complaint against this boy who would have allowed them to get into trouble by going away in a stolen boat.

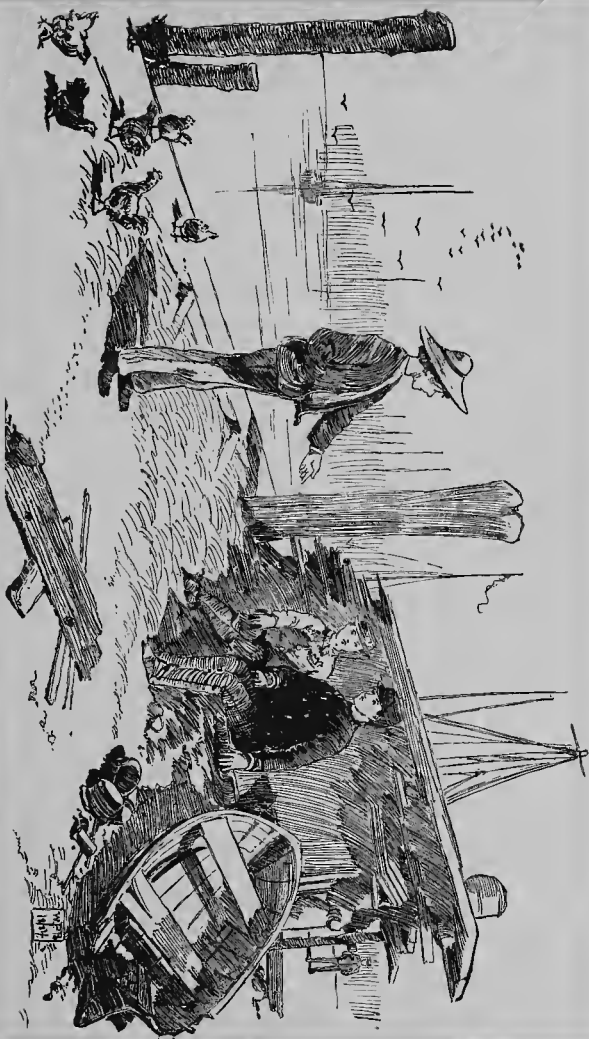
"Come up town an' get some more things; we hain't got half enough to last us to New York."

"I guess not," said Joe. "I hain't goin' to spend any more money for such things, and too, we won't go with you in the boat if we never get home."

"Why not?" and Bartholomew stood before them a perfect picture of painful surprise.

"Well, you see we hain't sure that you own the boat, an' we concluded not to run any risks,"

"WHY NOT?" DEMANDED BARTHOLOMEW.



"S'posen I don't own the boat, so long as I can get her. I'll fix all that, an' you've only got to come along."

"I guess we can walk, thank'ee. We'd rather do that than steal a boat."

"Oh, you're too much of a girl to suit me, if you don't dare to do a little thing like that," said Master West loftily, and then he walked slowly away, much as if he expected the boys would call him back when they found that he was really intending to leave them to their fate.

"We want to get home pretty bad," said Joe; "but not so much that we're willing to steal a boat to go in."

"All right, you can stay here an' starve to death for all I care. You'll be sorry, though."

"*You*'ll be sorry, Bart West," cried a voice from up the street; "but you can't get any messenger boy to go in with you when you're goin' to steal Mr. Longley's yacht."

"Then it was you, George Browning, who told these fellers that the boat wasn't mine?" said Bart angrily.

"Yes, it was," replied the messenger who appeared excited, "an' these fellers can get home without you, for our manager says he'll pay their fare. He telegraphed to New York, an' if the little feller's name is Edward Hawley, he's goin' to give 'em all they want to eat, an' buy a state-room, an' they are to go like reg'lar swells."

"'Tis Edward Hawley," piped Ned, jumping up on his tired little feet.

It was not many seconds before Joe and Ned were out from behind the barrels, questioning George in breathless excitement.

"The manager of your office had telegraphed down here to know if you come on the boat," said George as soon as the boys gave him an opportunity to speak, "an' to pay your fare back if you was here. So when I told our manager, he knew all about it. Then when I told him about the other feller, he said folks in New York had been telegraphing all around the country for a boy by the name of Edward Hawley. Now you'd better come up to the office, an' everything 'll be all right."

As may be imagined, it was not many moments

before Joe and Ned were telling their stories to the manager of the office in which George was employed, and then their troubles were over. The fact that they were in Providence and safe was telegraphed to New York at once, and George was detailed to show the boys around the city until time for the boat to leave, for Mr. Hawley had sent word that Ned should be supplied with what he needed to make him comfortable and happy.

Nothing more was seen of Master West, and the two boys returned to New York on the same steamer on which they had been involuntary passengers the night previous.

"Hello, there's the man come to look for his valises," said Joe next morning, as he and Ned stood by the rail while the steamer was being warped into the dock. "I s'pose he'll be mad now 'cause I sent them on by express."

"Why, *that's* my *father*!" exclaimed Ned, when Joe had pointed his employer out from among the crowd on the pier.

It was indeed the case; and the reason why Mr. Hawley had not come to relieve Joe was that word

of Ned's non-appearance at home had been sent to him nearly an hour before the steamer sailed.

Joe went back to the office, after he had been home to see his mother, but he did not remain there very long, for Mr. Hawley gave him a position in his store, in return for his kindness to Ned, and to-day the District Messenger boy is in a fair way to become a successful merchant.

WAGON-TIRE CAMP.

AN old guide and trapper in the mountains and the plains, an ex-soldier with a grizzled beard, shaggy eyebrows, and kindly eyes — two boys of ten and twelve found John Cendrill more irresistible than a volume of fairy tales or any book of travels they had ever encountered. They knew by instinct that he had all sorts of adventures to relate, and treated him as if he were a fascinating volume and it was their privilege to turn over a new leaf of him every day.

They were camping in the Adirondacks, and the very first night they got off as soon as their own supper was finished to look up the old guide. They came upon him lying on some hemlock boughs with his head braced up against a log, his feet toward the fire, and they rushed upon him from the shadow of a pine-tree like two small keen wolves.

"Oh! I knew you were tharabouts — you hain't surprised me," he said as they settled down on either side of him.

"Yet we came as still as mice," said Harry.

"You rustled a little, and your buttons were shiny," said John, showing the trained keenness of ears and eyes which a long residence among wild things gives one. "I commenced looking out for Indians and deer and rabbits before I was half as old as you are," he added, turning to Will, the younger boy, "I hain't never got over the habit."

This was exactly what Will and Harry hoped for. It sounded like a beginning, a sort of fly-leaf or preface to their volume.

"Where were you when you saw deer and Indians and rabbits?" said Harry.

"I was a boy five years old," said the guide, "and it was in 1832. That isn't quite as far back as the Revolution, you know, so I wasn't in Braddock's army if you're looking round to see if I knew any regular heroes. I didn't know any but a common lot of men — though I'm not sure but they was heroes, the whole crowd of 'em, men, women, and

all. We was a large party — nigh on to a hundred and fifty of us, I should think, all told, with wagons, them regular wagons with white canvas tops — we used to look when we was stretched out in a string on some of those big plains, as if we was a whole regiment of tents walking off on wheels. We were emigratin' to Oregon. My father and mother wanted to go so as to be better off, and they took me because they could not leave me. To me it was all fun. I hadn't any of the thoughts that made all the grown people look ahead of 'em kind o' fearful — Injuns and sickness and that long trip, taking months on the road and then a wild new country when we got to it — I hadn't any knowledge and so no apprehensions. What lots of things folk have to learn! It took me years to get that fore-lookin' cast to my eyes that I used to see in the eyes of the men on that trip — the women had the look too — I'd see it in my mother's face sometimes when we was restin' toward night and had eat our supper she'd stoop to pick me up, and she always looked out over the plain to the hills beyond when she straightened up with me in her arms. But I

liked that riding all day over the grass and seeing the long-eared rabbits jump away and scoot off.

“At night we always camped together and they’d



“MY MOTHER HAD THAT FORECASTING LOOK IN HER EYES,”

turn the horses loose to eat the grass, hitching their heads, with a short rope to their legs so's they could eat but not makin' it long enough for 'em to rare

up and run off. Then we'd all kindle fires and fry bacon and bake bread for the next day in a skillet, and eat our suppers and then climb into the wagons again to sleep. The men that was to be on guard all night would look after their guns — muskets they was with flint locks ; I used to go to sleep hearing the coyotes bark and sometimes the howl of the big gray wolves — they are dangerous, but I did not know it then. I left all my responsibilities to my father and mother. I did not expect they'd let me get eat, and I wasn't disappointed.

“Sometimes we'd see troops of deer and we'd always hope they would come near enough for us to shoot and the young men wanted to get on to the horses and ride after them. But the older men would shake their heads, point way off, and say ‘these horses have got to get us a good many hundred miles along before we've done with them and we'd better not be using them to run after any small fry.’ It was words of wisdom and we were glad afterwards that they'd listened. When we come into the buffalo region it was different ; we'd get a shot at some of them without much trouble.

“One night I remember I was awaked by a great shouting and confusion and men rushing round, and then there was a sound like thunder ; it roared up and grew and the earth shook, and then it died away again. I sat up on my little bed, and they told me it was buffalo going by. We’d seen a good many buffalo the day before — parts I suppose of a great herd and probably there was Injuns after them with their arrows, and they’d frightened them in the night so that the whole herd had started off on a dead run going they did not know where, nor care. When a herd gets started in that way, nothing on the face of the earth can stop them. They’ll roll off high ledges, or run into a river and get drowned. The hind ones crowd the forrad ones, and away they go blind-mad, tearing along, making the earth rock, and running down everything that comes in their way. Our guard heard this mob coming, and they knew there wasn’t any chance for us if we was in their road, and they tried to get in the horses so as not to have them frightened and then they all got in behind the wagons and that was all they could do. But lucky for us they

did not happen to turn our way. But I never shall forget the sound of that tramp and roar and the shouts of our men.

“ I must say there was a kind of rough sameness about it — a thousand miles or so of picnicking. Different you know from coming up here in the Adirondacks for two months and then going back into civilization again. Well, we had a variety after a while — though that was rough too. We began to see signs of Indians when we got near Snake River.”

“ What are signs of Indians ? ” asked Will suddenly.

“ Well, sometimes it’s one thing, and sometimes it’s another. We’d find what there was left of a dead buffalo that had been killed with an arrow, and we’d see where there had been a camp fire, and once or twice we’d catch sight of them — they would be disappearing, somewhere — going into the ground it seemed as if they did sometimes ; I suppose they would hide somehow, dive into the gully of a creek, or lie down flat till we stopped looking for them. Some of the old scouts and hunters

with us began to look uneasy and said they was feelin' us and by and by they'd be down on us. Sure enough, in a day or two more they was. It was towards night. The horses were tired and the men too, but everybody got a rousin' up when we saw a whole party of 'em canterin' toward us, yellin' like mad, but not wastin' any arrows till they got near enough to hit. There wasn't nobody hurt that time. Indians are kind o' cowardly — they won't fight in a real stand-up and knock-down way until they can out-number you. Then sometimes they'll pile in and you can have a little fun with them at close range. They went off yellin' after about three rounds with their arrows and we looked round and found there wasn't anything more hurt than one of the mules had got an arrow stuck through one of his big ears. He had brayed and kicked, but nobody paid any attention till after 'twas over, and then they found the reason, and we all laughed, and his master took it out and scratched his head and told him he was a beauty and gave him a little extra feed, and he was all right the next morning. As for me, I wasn't allowed to see much of it.

My mother bundled me up quicker than lightning, wrapped blankets around me and put me into the bottom of our wagon. I think there was so many blankets round me, an arrow head couldn't have got through unless it had been on a bean pole, but she was afraid still, and she held me tight in her arms all the time. She never said anything, only held me tight and put her head close down to where she knew mine was in the blankets.

“In two or three days more we had another just such a fight, and then we got to the banks of the Snake River. Some of the scouts took a kind of a squint up and down the bank and hesitated a little and then said we'd start across. The river looked pretty full though it had not rained ; those rivers fill up with snow-water from mountains sometimes, and it's dreadful deceiving. Then we had the Indians behind us as we thought, and we felt obliged to go on. That first team was two pairs of mules and they acted queer — wouldn't go into the water, and the men had to get on to their backs and whack them very — very earnestly indeed, to start 'em in. Sure enough — they hadn't more'n got well in, be-

fore the leaders began to swim and another minute the second pair had to do likewise and then the wagon floated and they began to go down stream which made matters worse, because they might get carried too far to land. But the men kept whacking — and — exhorting, so to speak, and they got out into the middle and then, whoo-o-o-p! there was a yell from the other bank and the Injuns bobbed up like water-rats all along, and whistle — phitt, their arrows began to fly like hail round 'em. The men kept cool. They unhooked or else cut the traces, and I tell you when they headed them mules round there wasn't much hesitation about coming back. This time one of the men got an arrow into his ribs, and another one got hurt, and the mules looked like pincushions — Arrows stickin' in 'em.

“ They said 'twas mere luck we had not all been killed. If the Indians had had a little more strength of mind and waited till more of us got flustered by the deep water, they'd 've just had us easy. But they was so tickled to see us coming right over to them that they lost their balances and hurrahd too soon — that saved us.

“ We was glad we hadn’t started in more than one team. The others had hung back a little to see how the first one got on. But it was aggravating to see that wagon float down the stream and the current take it over to the other side and then Indians haul it in and go caperin’ round with the things that was in it — shakin’ ’em in our faces. We couldn’t help firing at them once or twice though we knew we was so far off we could not hit ’em.

“ Well, we camped on the bank where we were, and what was more, we staid there all winter. Them Indians never let up on us till snow came — there couldn’t a man on a horse straggle a half mile from the camp, but that he got an arrow in him, or singin’ past his ear, so that he had to come tearing back again, thankful if he had saved his scalp. I suppose some of those people slept soundly till the snow came. After that we were a little more comfortable.

“ Well, spring came finally, and one day we all forded the river, horses and mules and cattle, women and babies, and wagons and all — we got

safely across. We thought 'twas almost a miracle and like the Jews crossing the Red Sea. But the Indians were on the other side of the river most as quick as we were, and began pesterin' us again. 'Twas like the Philistines that was always pitching against the Israelites and leading 'em a life. It got so finally if you had said 'Indians'! to one of our men when he was asleep he'd have his gun in his hand before his eyes was open and be out, firing at something before he was awake.

"It warn't a bit funny, though one night something funny happened. We was camped near a little river, and a buffalo swam across, and came bumping up the bank. The sentry on that side heard him blowin' and snortin' and knew what 'twas and so hadn't given any alarm, but the beast got scared, seeing our fires, lost his wits, and came thundering into camp head and tail up and bellowing like the bull he was. Some of our men were asleep on the ground and he ran along close by their heads — 'twas a wonder he did not step on their noses. Everybody thought it was Indians that had got in at last and every man reached out for

his gun ; but it was only one old lonesome buffalo who was scared 'most to death. A dog barked at him and he ran in another direction and finally bolted under our wagon, giving us a shaking up like an earthquake, and then away he rattled off into the dark again. It was all over 'most as soon as it begun and father came back laughing and the noise settled down as quick as it begun.

“ I ain't a-going to tell you boys how serious matters was a-gettin' any more than that they just was serious, and we called a council one day and decided to turn from the trail we had been following and get in among the hills and so be out of the Indians' way. They'd killed some of our men, you know, and was — unpleasant generally. So we did that ; and instead of wide plains all around and deer and buffalo and elk feeding round the hills was close on to us and birds and berries and trees, different from any we'd seen before. We had a new trouble though, if we didn't have Indians. On the plains we didn't need a road. You could always go somewhere — if it was marshy in one place it wasn't in another and you could always go round it.

But in the hills there were rocks and trees and swamps and no getting away from them, and instead of turning out to fight Indians we had to turn out and make roads. It was pretty hard on the horses too, and some of them died, or got so poor we couldn't work 'em and had to leave them behind.

"So things was getting serious again. We slept better nights, but had to work harder days and there wasn't anything in the way of game to shoot as there had been, and we had to eat pretty much the same things all the time.

"Well, the council settled that we had lost so many horses and wagons, that we was in great danger of losing all the rest and starving to death there in the wilderness, and the best thing was for a number of the men to take some of the best horses and go on to Fort Walla-Walla and send back a strong party to us ; and the rest of us meanwhile to stay where we was. It really was the best way, but when the morning came and my father was among the men to go and mother saw him get on to his horse and face into them woods, she just broke down and cried and sat there huggin' me on

the steps of the wagon for hours after they was out of sight. I suppose I was like other boys and it made me feel pretty bad to see my mother cry ; but after a while I got hungry and I began to fret. Then she felt as if she hadn't been kind to me and she stirred round and got the best dinner she could. But the best she could get was only fried pork and saleratus bread and we'd had that nigh on to forty years, as it seemed to me, and I couldn't eat much and she noticed that and was afraid I was pinin'.

"We'd been left with the wagons drawn around in a circle and inside we had our fires, and we slept every night in the wagons. But instead of hearing the buffalo bellow and the little coyotes bark, there would be the rustle of the wind in the trees and then sometimes a loud sound like firing a cannon a mile or so away from us. I used to hear that sound and it gave me a sensation down my back and I'd cuddle closer up to my mother, because I always knew she would keep everything off. One day I asked an old guide who had been in Lewis & Clarke's Company when they crossed the Rockies in 1805 what those noises was. I expected he'd laugh at

me and think I was a 'fraid-cat ; but he didn't. He said Lewis & Clarke had heard them but did not know what they was. They asked the Indians and they said there was rich ores in the bosom of the mountains, guarded by spirits of evil. And sometimes the mountains would rend and groan with the hot veins in them. It was queer that them Indians had this tradition, for they never tried to find gold or silver themselves and nobody thought at that time there could be any truth at the bottom of the story. Gold wasn't discovered so's to be known until 1849, in California. But I guess there was a kind of an idea about it in the air as far back as 1832. Perhaps it was handed down from Columbus. Them Spaniards, you know, was crazy after gold.

" Well, as I said, my mother thought I was kind o' pinin' for a change in my victuals and she made the old guide show her the kind of roots the Indians dig up and eat when there ain't no more buffalo meat in their pantries. He'd et all kinds of things when he was with Lewis & Clarke — choke-cherry soup, boiled dog and raw horse, and he said they wasn't bad if you was pretty hungry. There's a kind

of thistle, and a wild liquorice and a wild fennel and an artichoke-like root that was all good; but the thistle root was the best — sweet as sugar, powerful good to a boy that hadn't seen candy for a year and never seen but mighty little anyway. So we used to go out and get thistles often, and sometimes two or three of the other women would go too — never very far, because we still had a fear of Indians. Them thistle roots was as long as any on 'em East here, where the farmers hate 'em and say their roots run down to China, and we'd have to pull and dig tremendous. My mother noticed how often there was little yellow grains mixed in with the sand and sometimes whole pieces; not like pebbles — they was different feelin'. She looked kind o' queer at 'em one day, and began to save them — the pebble-like bits, and the dust too. The other women noticed what she was doing and then they all looked at each other as if the same idea had knocked 'em, and after that they always saved the yellow-looking stuff and I was allowed to dig up all the thistles I liked.

“ It seemed a dreadful long time we waited for

that party to get back that had gone off into the wilderness, and one morning a woman said to my mother, 'Seems to me my ears'll crack off listenin' to hear the three guns.' That was to be the signal of the party's return so't we might know they wasn't Indians. She hadn't more'n said the words when we heard first one gun and then another and another, fired close along to each other. They wasn't any mistake about them sounds. Mountains full of gold and silver never had the heart in 'em or behind 'em that those guns had, and we all danced about and was crazier for joy than that buffalo 'd been with the camp fires and pretty soon they hove in sight threadin' along through the trees on their horses. How glad we all was to see them, and they to see us alive and well, I can't never tell. The bears hadn't got 'em, nor the Indians, and they hadn't been sick, and nothing had got us either. We had a day of rejoicin', and the next day we was to pack up and go off. Everything had to go on the backs of the horses or else not go at all — the wagons was to be left. They'd brought some spare horses with them and some of the horses that was left behind

had eat grass and grown fat and rested so they was as good as ever.

“My mother showed the dust she had found to my father and asked him if he thought it looked like anything. He got her idea but he hadn’t none of the queer feelin’s about the sounds, or the Indian stories, and he laughed and said he guessed there was a good deal o’ clay in that soil and he didn’t believe ’twas anything more’n some kind of dirt. My mother didn’t say nothing. Women is wise about that. But I noticed she did the dirt up in a little bag and put it among the blankets, and that bag went with us all the way to Fort Walla-Walla.

“We got through somehow, to the fort. It’s like a long bad dream to me now. Of course I was so little they gave me the easiest side of everything, but I knew in a dumb sort of a way how hard it all was, and I don’t think I laughed much till we got in sight of the fort. We must have been a hard-lookin’ crowd when we got in. We’d been a’most two years away from civilization — our clothes was ragged and our blankets, and some of us hadn’t any blankets at all but buffalo skins. Mother said she

was glad there wasn't any white women besides our party in the fort because she looked so.

"There was a store at the fort where they kept all kinds of things for tradin' with the Indians, and my mother went there as soon as she could. She had that little bag o' dust in her hand, and she showed it to the man. He glanced at it kind o' easy at first, and was going to laugh just as father had but she shook a little round in her hand and he took another look and stopped laughing.

"'Let me take some of it, and you step in here,' said he. It was a great barn of a room built out of logs bigger than your waist, and there was skins of bears and wolves and otter and beaver all piled up on one side, and on the other was shelves with calico and beads and coarse woolen cloth and knives and little looking-glasses.

"The man beckoned her into a little office-like-room, built into the big room, and there he poured something on to the yellow stuff, aqua fortis or vitriol perhaps, or something — at any rate the dirt did not go away but shone up brighter than ever, and then the man turned to mother with a

wondering look in his eyes, and said, 'that is worth twenty dollars an ounce. Where did you get it? You can buy blankets or anything you want. Or shall I give you the money for it?'

"Mother was so tickled, she didn't know whether she most wanted to tell father, or get the calico stuff. She laughed right out loud, the first time I'd heard her in many a long day. She got some blankets, and some cloth for me a suit, and then she ran off and showed them to father.

"'That's what I got for the yellow clay,' said she.

"You may believe he stared; and she told the other women and there was great excitement through the camp.

"Well, that was really the first discovery of gold in the great West. It set everybody a-fire just as it did when they found bits of gold in the flume of Sutter's mill sixteen or seventeen years later.

"A party was made up right off to go back to Wagon-Tire Camp as we'd called it, and see what more there was to be found. My father would have gone with the rest, though mother urged him not

to go, and I hung on to him, I remember, as hard as I could. He was took sick the day before they started and so he stayed behind. It was a great disappointment; and more than ever, when he got well, he had that forecastin' look in his eyes and he'd turn and look ever so many times a day toward where that party had been lost sight of in the woods going joyfully to find their fortunes at Wagon-Tire Camp."

John paused here and remained silent.

"Well?" said Harry after he had waited what he thought was a respectful interval, "what happened then?"

"Well, my father made a decent living for a good many years as a farmer, gave me as fair an education as he'd had himself and I lived with him until I enlisted in 1862. I had the war fever more than I ever had the gold fever."

"But the party that went off to find the yellow dust?" said Will.

"Oh, them," said John, "they never come back again, not a man of 'em. The Indians wiped 'em out, we suppose, every soul of 'em; and

what's more, it happened to any party that went after them — the same thing, or else they never found the place. One of those two things it always was. Either they never come back at all, or else they come back and hadn't found the place. I used to wonder sometimes if the Indians' evil spirits did guard the spot."

John made another long pause as if he had finished ; it was getting late, but the boys still had a feeling that there was another leaf in this chapter and did not move.

They had their reward. Presently John went on.

"I 'listed, as I said, in '62, and went into the regular army. I liked it pretty well and stayed in after the war was over. My father and mother was both dead and I didn't want to go back to the farm. It was lonesome without my mother. I always liked her.

"We was ordered in 1873 over into the Modoc country, and we fit the Indians there and whipped them some and they whipped us some — when we left off fightin' it was about an even thing as it

generally is. When we marched away from there, we went up north towards Oregon. Me and another man were scoutin' ahead of the regiment one day and we come to a pleasant little valley among the hills. It looked comfortable on the grass in the middle, and there hadn't been any Indians round for near a week. So we got off our horses and eat some luncheon we had, and then lay off on the grass smokin'. We both noticed a good many queer hummocks in the grass. But we did not think much of it till we saw they were in a circle. Then we poked about and began to find pieces of wheel-hubs and bits of old iron all rusty and rotten.

"The other fellow said he should think there had been a lot o' wagons round there sometime. Then it all come back to me like a flash and made me kind o' dizzy. This was Wagon-Tire Camp. I looked around again and remembered the lay of the hills and the looks of things generally—it hadn't altered much except that the trees was bigger. We'd been wanting some water and I said sudden, 'you'll find a spring over here.' Sure

enough 'twas there — the very basin they had dug out and stoned up years before. It seemed kind o' queer to the other fellow my knowin' where the spring was, but he knew I hailed from Oregon and so he didn't say nothing.

"Well there I stood on the edge of making my fortune and I had to get on to my horse when we'd rested as long as we ought to and ride away from it.

"The other fellow said something about it, when we got to Fort Walla-Walla — how funny it was — that circle of old wheel-hubs, and some that heard him knew what it must be he'd found. They tried to get up a party to find it again and the other soldier said he could take them to the spot. But I went and told him about it and then he thought he wouldn't."

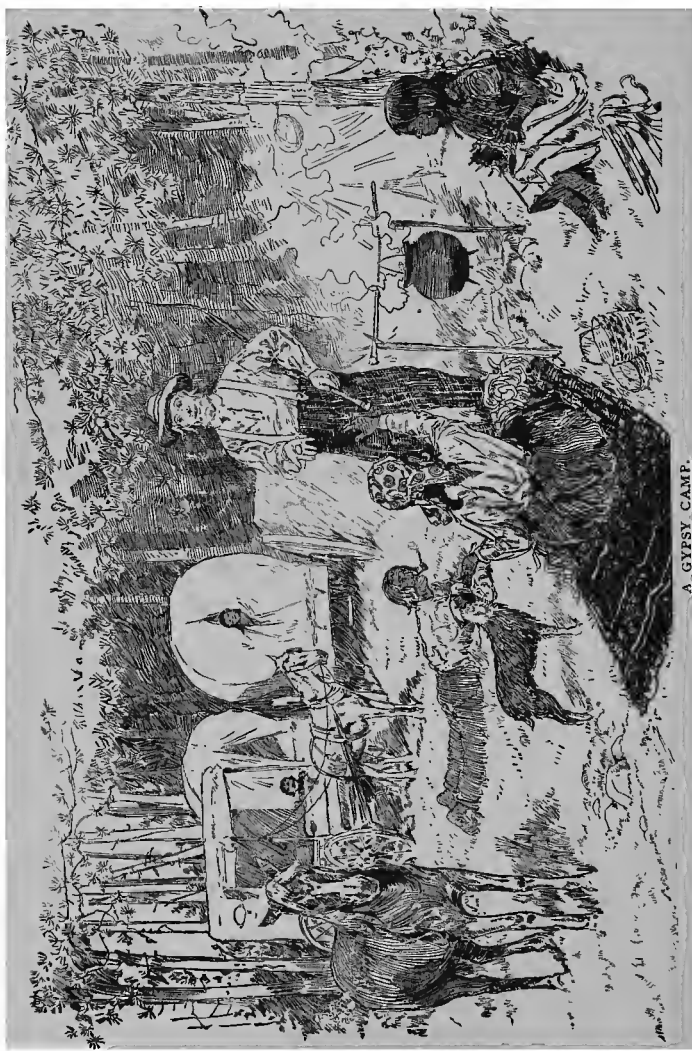
"But you could have gone too," said Harry, "and dug lots of gold and got rich. Oh, John, I should think you'd go."

"I should if it was made worth my while," said John.

"How could that be done?" said Harry.

"Make me believe that the place wasn't watched by evil spirits," said John, as he folded his arms in an obstinate sort of way and unfolded them again to relight his pipe.

Harry thought that eventually this would be an easy thing — he did not believe in them himself and at that moment their father was heard calling them and they went to bed on hemlock boughs under the white tent cover and dreamed out their fortunes, which is much the easiest way of piling up gold.



A GYPSY CAMP.

THE GYPSIES.

IT was nearly sunset when I drove into the Gypsy camp near Dayton, Ohio. The camp consisted of squatty tents, wagons with horses feeding behind them, horses tethered ready for trades, dogs, children, men and women. The tent is scarcely a Gypsy's house—he requires all outdoors for that; it is only a sort of coverlet which he will draw over his head at night, if he cares for such a cover, so it makes no difference how small it is.

A fat, curly-haired woman sat on the ground, with her supper spread on a tablecloth before her. The fire which cooked it burned near, and the children, dogs and flies came up and all seemed about to settle on the beefsteak. She brushed the dogs' noses to keep them back, and prevented her baby from walking in the gravy. I wanted to talk to

her about her people and she wanted to tell my fortune. So, though I begged her not to let me interrupt her, the children and flies had the ground table pretty much to themselves while we sat on a wagon tongue and exchanged remarks.

The Gypsy king's tents were near by; not gorgeous pavilions guarded by brown-skinned sentinels — but the same old weather-worn canvas stretched on poles, with a corner or two hitched up for air, that you see every summer in creek-bottoms or the edge of the woods, when the other boys guide your steps thither by the magic words, "There's Gypsies camped over there." The king was in town trading horses or buying supplies. He is said to be an old man with a striking hoary head.

His daughter came from one of the tents. She had the features of her race, but a gentleness in her manner which bordered on refinement. She was a handsome girl. A yellow handkerchief was tied over her hair, and her shape was trim, like Fanchon's, after the poor Cricket tried to make something of herself. She even resembled the old

German woodcuts of Fanchon. This Gypsy princess was the daughter of that Matilda Stanley to whose burial in the Dayton cemetery the Gypsy tribes and families flocked in such numbers a few years ago.

It is said that whenever a *gorgio*, or stranger, approaches a tent, the Gypsies try him by certain test-words of Romany, to see if he has any knowledge of this ancient language of theirs. The princess, as she approached, said something to the curly woman which sounded like "*Sov meen; chivvy de lay.*"

"It's the Romany," I said, though unable to quite catch the words or understand them. One who does not "*rākker*," or speak the tongue, is easily puzzled by these mysterious words which they mix up with their English.

They looked suspicious an instant, but laughed, and one replied, "Yes, it's the Romany." And the other added with a learned air, "The Egyptian language."

If you can *rākker* Romany, you have a pass-sign to the hearts of these travellers. The prin-

cess translated several common words ; her voice was very pleasant.

“What do you call child ?” I asked.

“*Chavi.*”

“Or say, How do you do ?”

“How *de kur.*”

Perhaps the princess was fooling a Gentile, or giving a localism for the ancient Romany greeting, “*Sarishaw.*”

A horse was a “*gry*,” and the teakettle “*kékavi.*” “*Kékavi*,” or kettle, is one of the test-words which a *dye* or Gypsy woman is sure to utter before strangers.

Very few of them know a great number of Romany words. But they use what they have to throw a veil over their speech. It is the language in which their folk-tales are preserved, and in which a *gudlo* (story) is told while they are squatted by the camp-fire. These old stories record their days of persecution, their sharpness at bargaining, their love of the wagon and the road and contempt for standard modes of life, their thievings, and their lax notions of dealing with the *gorgio*.

Besides telling fortunes the Gypsy women make lace and sell baskets. In England they are a begging people, but those in America, even the English families, are said to improve, to accumulate property, and to hold themselves above any lower means of getting a living than cheating in a horse trade, or getting silver for fortunes out of credulous people. I can remember when the dark-skinned woman, with a leghorn poke just begged out of some old closet and turned wrong-side foremost on her head, used to come into the house, half-frightening and half-delighting us with her wheedling plea for any discarded garment. Now, many of the clans own valuable real estate, and some are even dwelling in their houses, at least part of the year, though summer and the leafing-out of the greenwood tree draws them again and again to the road and the wagon. The impulse which seizes us all in May or June to go a-Gypsying, which empties dusty streets and fills farmhouses and seaside hotels, must be very strong on certain of these wealthy wanderers, living in cities, whose intimate friends do not know that the dark blood is in their veins.

Every once in awhile it is told that they disappear from civilized ways and are absent. But the *Romany rye* (or gentleman Gypsy) is not away on business; nor is the beautiful lady visiting the great people of the earth. They are both under



the tent, or in the wagon, delighting themselves once more with Romany talk and the sight of a *kékavi* hung on its iron support over a camp-fire. They are perhaps helping to eat a pig which died a natural death (for the wanderers like such meat), or chickens taken without leave off somebody's

roost. This is to them such a forbidden and delicious feast as crackers and sardines are to a bad boy or girl at boarding-school, eaten sitting up in bed after the lights are out and the teacher has gone down the hall.

This Stanley family at Dayton, and the other families intermarried with them and clustering around them to form a tribe, own considerable property there.

"We've just bought another farm," said the older woman pointing out on a ridge east of camp, a sweep of fertile-looking land and a homestead under shady trees.

The camp was on an open common, with scarcely a shrub to keep off the late summer heat. Yet all of these children of the road preferred their wagons on the common to the embowered house. From her manner of speaking I inferred that this clan owned property in common, no piece of land belonging to any individual uncontrolled by the others. Their farms were rented to tenants.

"You love to live outdoors," I said.

"Of course," replied the elder woman, as if she

wondered how anybody could endure a different life. "We stay South all winter."

Her children tumbled over the ground and raced with the dogs, uttering bits of Romany talk. They live in the joy of perpetual moving. Looking at them, I remembered how often I had built a play-house under the carpet on the line in housecleaning days, and how I loved to see the kitchen table inverted with legs in the air and to sit in it, rowing with a broom, fancying it a boat. The dark little Romanys do not mind sun or wind or rain; they need not keep themselves tidy, and the world is a changing panorama to them.

The men, lounging beside or under another wagon, rolled their laughing eyes at us, sure that I would leave silver in the fortune-teller's palm before going away. Such sparkling eyes and teeth are in no other countenance than a Rom's. While the Gypsy is in one sense as sociable and innocent as a child, in another he is as crafty as a fox. He likes to make game of the *gorgio*, and especially of that alien who despises his wandering life, his dirt, and his basking and "inviting his soul." But

you cannot talk with such a clan as this one, without warming to them somewhat, in spite of differing habits. They are very hospitable and kindly when their interest is aroused. It is true that Gypsy traders have taken miserable horses, painted them attractive colors, touched them up in various cunning ways, and cheated many a Gentile buyer with them; it is true they used to have a reputation for kidnapping children, though they always seem to have plenty of their own; and that their appearance in a neighborhood made the residents careful not to leave any valued thing lying around in easy reach after night; it is true, according to the best authority, that old Gypsy women love to play the mystery of mysteries, or great trick — *hokkani boro* — on any trusting *gorgio* — that is, cheating him out of all he has. Only a few years since a Western farmer had a Gypsy queen arrested for getting thousands of dollars from him fraudulently. But it is also true that many a gifted man and woman have looked on these runaway playmates of nature with lenient and kindly interest.

They are of the woods, woodsy, and of the ground,

loamy. Their wandering is as much an instinct as the yearly migrations of the birds. Hunters have had the same restless feeling; and I have known families, not Gypsies, possessed with a like mania for change and indulging it in very civilized ways.

Occasionally an outsider marries among the Gypsies, and is at once adopted by them, wandering and living their life. An Irishman buried in the Dayton Cemetery was such a recruit. And many an Englishman has taken to the road with his brown wife.

At Elmwood, New Jersey, the gathering point of an Eastern clan, not long ago there died a man named Wharton, who was a native of Shropshire, England. He had married a Gypsy woman and became king of the tribe. Recently his daughter was married to a descendant of Oak Lee, who was king of all the English Gypsies sixty years ago. It appears that each clan, or bunch of families under the patriarchal rule of a small king or chief, has its gathering-point, where it owns property and brings its dead for burial.

The Dayton princess, sitting on the wagon-tongue,

asked me if I had seen her mother's monument in Woodland cemetery. I had seen it, with other monuments of the Joels, Jeffreys, Harrisons, etc., who make up the clan. They seem very fond of the resting-places of their dead, and ornament them lavishly with flowers and the most childish-floral epitaphs. These epitaphs are prepared by themselves, and are crude and tender, like a boy's first letter to his mother, with all the curlycues thrown in.

Though the ceremonies at Queen Matilda Stanley's burial differed in no way from the ceremonies of any Christian burial, the newspapers had taken so much notice of the event that thousands of strangers flocked there to witness them. Her monument is of native granite, or what the cemetery-keeper irreverently calls "nigger-head stone," bearing a marble angel on the capital. The inscription reads :—

MATILDA
wife of
LEVI STANLEY,
Died February 15, 1879,
Age 53 years.

Farewell, dear Tilda, farewell, your earthly days
 are past, like a blooming and lovely
 flower you
 were too sweet to last. Your pain
 on earth was
 very great, my lovely beauty dear, now
 Jesus has
 called on you, I trust you in his care,
 now you be
 quick and follow me and tell my
 children dear to
 do their work, for Jesus. I hope to
 meet them there.

On the base is the name "Stanley," and on a reverse side another epitaph :

MARTHA LOUISE
 Daughter of Levi and Matilda
 STANLEY
 Died December, 1866:
 Aged 10 years.
 Our daughter has gone to a mansion
 of rest, along
 with her Jesus that's who she loves
 best. Along with
 her Jesus who died for us all,
 come on here in heaven
 there is room for us all.

As a race the Gypsies have no religion. But in



A RUSSIAN GYPSY CHILD.



monumental piety they appear quite equal to the *gorgios*. Scarlet geraniums, blooming oleander and foliage plants are as well kept about their plots as if the kin of these resting travellers had never eaten wild meat along the hedges. Masonic and Odd Fellow emblems are carved upon the monument base; I do not know for what reason.

Near by are the Harrison and Jeffrey stones, the first indicating one grave which has a foot-stone marked "Mother and Babe :"

REFIANCE,
 wife of
 RICHARD HARRISON,
 Died
 May 3, 1873,
 Aged 43 years.
 JOSHUA
 their son died
 May 1, 1873,
 Age 10 months.
 A husband and six children
 left to mourn their loss.

Our Mother here lies underground,
 The dearest friend we ever found;
 But through the Lord's unbounded love
 We'll meet again in realms above.

We loved this tender little one
And would have wished him stay.
But let our Father's will be done,
He shines in endless day.

The quaintest stone is in a shrubby enclosure where the "old king and queen" have long lain buried. These were Owen Stanley, a native of Reading, Berkshire, England, who died February 21, 1860; and "Harriet, consort of Owen Stanley, who died August 30, 1852." After the usual affectionate doggerel this information is recorded:

Owen Stanley was his name,
England was his nation,
Any wood his dwelling place,
And Christ his salvation.

He died at Andover, Indiana, in his wagon. He left twelve children, forty grandchildren and two great-grandchildren to mourn his death.

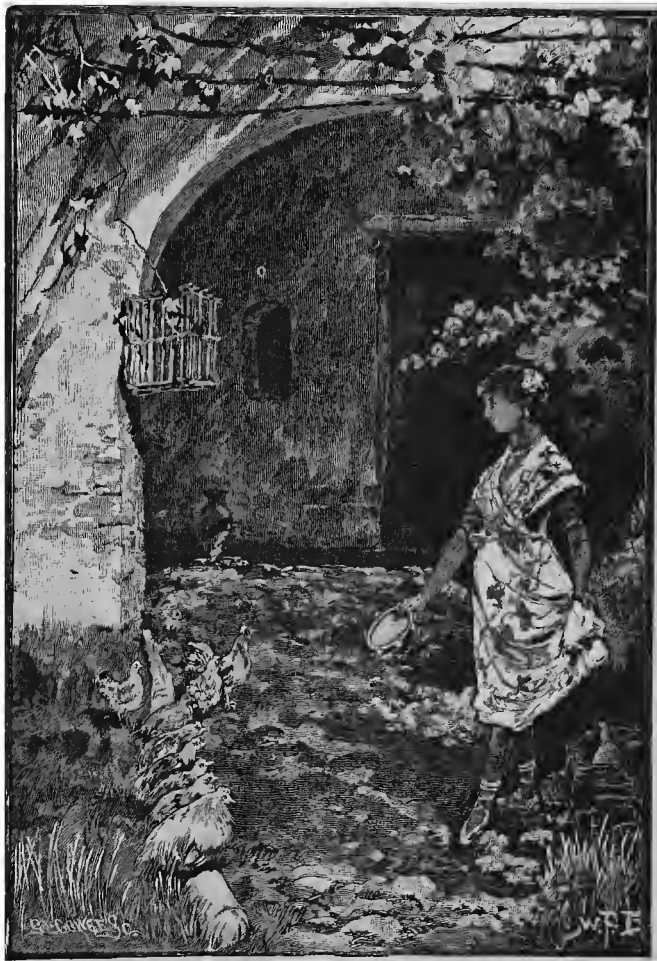
Among the Gypsies the old man or old woman is a revered and powerful being.

Here also is inscribed the name of David Stanley's daughter, born in England, and in her second year burned to death in the wagon.

Gypsies used to swarm along the old National 'Pike, and even yet they make it a thoroughfare, though all roads and by-ways are theirs also. Among the small dilapidated villages along the 'Pike in Ohio, is one where the warehouses are about sinking into the canal through natural decay, and all summer long dog-fennel stands deep and rank up the very sides of the 'Pike embankments. Near this place the Gypsies "watch the tan," or set up the tent, and very appropriate to such surroundings are their quaint figures. There was a milliner who had a stock of headgear left upon her hands when the season was past, so she invited the Gypsy women to come in and "deal" with her; for the dark-skinned women of the road, who used to pick up any kind of finery, were supposed to be indifferent to the shapes of their bonnets. They came and filled the little shop. That evening they struck camp and proceeded on their way, and the milliner discovered that rolls of precious ribbon and scraps of lace had gone with them. A constable pursued and brought the party back to trial. They claimed that they had bought their goods,

but the milliner showed she had none of their silver in exchange. The voluble dark women who *pen dukkerin* (tell fortunes)-so glibly, know how to throw contempt upon, and raise the neighborhood laugh at the expense of *gorgios*. The anxious milliner received her goods again, but she and her shop are now known by the name the Gypsy woman gave them, "the bony old bird in her nest of ribbons."

"An old Gypsy" used to be the bugaboo of all children. We have crouched in the elderberry bushes at the mention of such a crone. It was a great piece of courage to climb upon the fence in the woods and defy such an imaginary child-stealer. But I have never known one instance of such kidnapping by the Gypsies. In this country children are carried away by other races than the Roms, and with other motives than these loitering, basking people could feel. Yet in old times abroad, and particularly in Scotland, they suffered persecution because ignorant people suspected them not only of child-stealing, but of cannibalism, of being agents of the Turks, etc. In the year 1636 they



SPANISH GYPSY GIRL DANCING.

were warned out of Scotland, or the "men would be hangit and the woemen drowned; such of the woemen as has children to be scorgit through the burg and brent in the cheeke." At the same time that country was so unsettled, and outrages were so common among all classes, that the people were a long time in coming to the conclusion of laying the blame on the Gypsies.

Though this woman in the Dayton camp spoke of Romany as "the Egyptian language," Mr. Charles G. Leland, who has made the race and the tongue his studies for many years, tells us of a Gypsy woman he saw in Egypt who could not talk Romany. None of the Gypsies there speak it. She said they had lost the gift; for she knew there was such a language spoken by the wandering races. The Gypsies in Egypt call themselves Tá-taren.

The Gypsies are of Aryan stock, and Asiatic in their origin. They are always a distinct and separate element, like running water, though they take peculiarities from the countries through which they move. We can trace them back to the four-

teenth century ; they existed then in the Balkan peninsula. Some authorities have considered that the name signified Egyptians, but too many proofs point out India as their native land. Their Spanish appellation is Gitano ; Albanian, Jeok ; Magyar Pharao niphek — or Pharaoh's people ; French, Bohemians ; Scöth, Tinkler, which is probably a corruption of Zingaro or Zingano.

They have penetrated to nearly all known countries, taking characteristics from each. But it is impossible to fix a date to their first appearance in Europe. They may have been wandering there centuries before historical mention is made of them. They have been called "chaltsmide," or Ishmaelites — descendants of Hagar, the smith's trade being always one of their leading handicrafts. Among the English Gypsies is indeed one large family branch called Petolungro, or Smith.

Mr. Leland tells us of Welsh Gypsies, Russian, Austrian, Egyptian, Hindoo, American Gypsies. The Russians are delicately made and not so brusque and stolid as the wanderers in English lanes. Nearly all of them have some musical skill.

Their Romany songs have a power and melody that cannot be withstood. Mr. Lathrop in his *Spanish Vistas* describes the dancing of a Gypsy girl in a figure belonging exclusively to her race. It is not, as one would suppose from the abandon and excitability of the Romany, a flinging and violent dance, but a series of smooth, sinuous motions, very graceful, requiring great skill, and gaining intensity of expression, until undulations seem to flow wave after wave, downward through the dancer's body, while her arms weave about. He says :

The crowning achievement is when the hips begin to sway too, and, while she is going back and forward, execute a rotary movement like that of the bent part of an auger. In fact, you expect her to bore herself into the floor, and disappear. Then, all at once, the stamping and clapping and the twanging strings are stopped, as she ceases her formal gyrations; she walks back to her seat like one liberated from a spell; and the whole thing is over.

In 1417 a band of three hundred Gypsies came to Lünneburg. The account says :

They were as black as Tartars, with a duke and count at their head splendidly dressed and leading, like nobles, dogs

of chase; then a motley crew afoot, and women and children in wagons. They pretended to be on a seven years' pilgrimage to expiate apostacy.

As to their religion, they generally absorb it from the country they are in, though they have the relics of one old faith, about which they do not trouble themselves. Mr. Leland tells an amusing story of a very poor, pious-looking old woman whom he and some friends saw tramping along the highway. She made no appeal for charity, but was so aggressively sad-looking and worthy, that one of the party spoke to her and drew forth her moving story. She said she was a washerwoman, going to another town to see her dying daughter. She had never begged; she could get through somehow. But through this artlessness Mr. Leland's practiced eye detected the Gypsy tramp who loves to fleece any *gorgio*. So he spoke to her: "*Can tute rakker Romanes, nùridye?*" "Can you talk Romany, my mother?"

The old woman taken unawares at hearing the dialect of the tents in the mouth of a gentleman tourist, replied in confusion, "The Lord forbid, sir,

ITALIAN GYPSIES.



that I should talk any of them wicked languages." She was a noted trumper and a deep actor of appropriately-dressed parts. She pretended to have a letter of recommendation from her clergyman. But the sound of Romany took her off her guard and at once brought the mischievous Gypsy glitter into her eyes.

Family affection is strong in the race, as their care of their dead testifies. Mr. Leland tells us a survivor will forever deprive himself of any pleasure he enjoyed with a lost relative. "My brother was so fond of cigars," said one; "I never have smoked since he died." "Mother liked fish so well. O, no, I never can touch it again, now she is gone." And they are quickly sympathetic towards people poorer than themselves, Gypsy or alien. Being wanderers, they are of course adaptable to any place or circumstances. They love all dumb creatures, and their love of nature must be their most conspicuous trait. When you talk to them they do not attempt to explain their wandering instinct. I have thought they feel a superiority to the world of people settled in houses,

In Europe and America, the titles of duke, king etc. are given to the heads of small bands of Gypsies, until, says authority, "one is bewildered by the hosts of kings from John Buelle beside Athelstan in Malmesbury Abbey in 1657, to Matilda Stanley who was buried at Dayton, Ohio, in 1879."

The Gypsies are ignorant of books, and have no literature of their own, except the unwritten ballads and stories handed down from generation to generation, which careful compilers and nomad-lovers, like Mr. Leland, have gathered up and put into print. Mr. George Borrow, an English author, wrote books about the Romany people, though Mr. Leland's several volumes are the best. Bulwer Lytton put them into some of his novels; and even George Eliot delighted herself with their picturesque figures, though touched-up with dirt and seen against a background of vapor from the pot where hedgehog or dead pig was boiling. One of the men at the Dayton camp observed doubtfully to me that he thought some man had made a book about them, but he was not sure. Intelligence circulates among them in primitive ways.

"GITANAS:"



SPANISH GYPSIES DANCING.

He had probably heard from some other travelling family or clan — New Jersey or Pennsylvania Gypsies — about Mr. Leland^d, the great Romany Rye, and his works. But not having met this gentleman Gypsy himself, the impression left on his mind was vague.

The entire stock of Romany words is said to exceed five thousand, though the number known to any one Rom is small. He mixes them generously with English, or whatever tongue he is born to speak; and the little brown babies around the camp-fire are taught to treasure them as most precious secrets.

No record is left of the first arrival of Gypsies in America. They came over with means, however. As to personal appearance, they are a dark, finely-formed race. They pride themselves on their small hands and feet, their lightness of step and easy motion. Their hair is black, or very dark, and does not readily turn gray; their skins are tawny olive; their teeth are strong and white; their cheek-bones are high and their noses aquiline like the Indians. But of course there are differences

in families, some being shorter, or lighter, or less muscular, or less generally well-favored than others. The Stanleys and Lees have been conspicuously handsome, both in England and this country. Mr. Leland gives a list of many different families named to him by an old Gypsy woman, each having some physical trait distinct from the others.

Every Romany *gudlo* (story) is short and pointed. One of the *gudli* told generation after generation, is about the Gypsy bribing the policeman :

Once apré a chairus a Romany chal chored a rāni chillico (or chiriclo), and then jalled átut a prastraméngo 'pré the drum. "Where did tute chore adovo rāni?" putchered the prastramengo.

"It's kik rāni; it's a pauno rāni that I kinned'drée the gav to del tute."

"Tacho," penned the prastramengo, "it's the kushtrest rāni mandy ever dick dus. Ki did tute kin it?"

Avali, many's the chairus mandy's tippered a trin-mushti to a prastraméngo to mukkk mandy hatch my tan with the chávis.

Once on a time a Gypsy stole a turkey, and then met a policeman on the road.

"Where did you steal that turkey?" asked the policeman.

"It's no turkey ; it's a goose that I bought in the town to give you."

"Fact! " said the policeman ; " it is the finest goose I ever saw. Where *did* you buy it? "

Yes, many's the time I have given a shilling (three fourpence) to a policeman to let me pitch my tent with the children.

They always hang their cooking utensils high in the wagon, because if a thing falls upon the ground, or is trodden on, they consider it consecrated to the earth and no longer fit for their use. Mr. Leland tells us a curious point of affinity between the Gypsies and Hindoos may be found in a custom which a Rom thus describes :

When a mush mullers an' the juvas adrée his ker can't kair habben because they feel so naflo 'bout the Rom being gone, or the chavi or juvalo mush, or whoever it may be, then their friends for trin divvuses kairs their habben an' bitches it a lende. An 'that's tacho Rommanies, an' they wouldn't be dessan Romany chuls that wouldn't kair dovo for mushos in sig an' tukli.

When a man dies and the women in his house cannot prepare food (literally, make food) as they feel so badly because the man is gone, or the girl or young man, or whoever

it may be, then their friends for three days prepare their food and send it to them. And that is real Romany (custom) and they would not be decent Romany fellows who would not do that for people in sorrow and distress.

Precisely the same custom prevails in India where they use an indential term for it.

Here is another of their stories, about the *gorgio* and the Romany *chal*:

Once upon a time a gorgio said to a Gypsy, "Why do you always go about the country? There is no food in what does not rest (or stay here)." Said the Gypsy, "Show me your money!"

And he showed him a guinea, a sovereign, a half-sovereign, a half-guinea, a five-shilling piece, a half-crown, a two-shilling piece, a shilling, a sixpence, a four-penny piece, a three-pence, a two-pence, a penny, a half-penny, a farthing, a half-farthing. Said the Gypsy, "This is all bad money."

"No," said the other man, "it is all good and sound. Toss it in your hand and hear it ring?"

"Yes," replied the Gypsy, "you told me that only bad things keep going, and this money has gone all over the country many a time."

All men are not like trees. Some must travel and cannot keep still.

This precisely expresses the Romany nature. They must travel and cannot keep still. Their strain of blood prefers the open sun for a parasol and any woods for a dwelling-place, to palace roofs and established kingdoms. Of course they have no record as statesmen, soldiers, agriculturists, builders or scholars. They are always playing truant along the roads ; they never have been, and never intend to go, into the world's busy school.

A Gypsy fortune-teller always takes her subject to one side, so that spectators may neither overhear the revelation nor cast contempt upon it. She seems to believe what she tells, but behind the *gorgio's* back she always has her laugh at his credulity. The prediction is short but bristling with points ; and when the Gypsy predicts backward, or tells what has actually happened, her penetration does her marvelous credit ; she often hits the exact truth. The fortune usually runs in this wise, if she sees in the face before her and in the hand she holds, energy and the generous piece of silver :

“And it's a good fortune that's coming to you, my lady, or my gentleman. You've been far and

you've seen much, but you'll go farther and see more. There's going to be a great change, and it's a change for the better. You'll be rich, and give away by the handfull, and what you've had is but a drop to what you will have. Tell me the exact truth: do you begrudge me this money that you lay in my hand? No. I tell you a true fortune, and them that's your enemies can never make headway against you. You will succeed in whatever you turn your hand to." Then to these bright generalities she adds a few predictions suited only to the person addressed, which gives him faith in the whole, though he laughingly denies it to his friends; and sends him away with the impression that in his case the oracle has spoken fact.

It is a queer little discovery that the good old gibberish with which boys and girls have long counted out for Hide-and-Seek,

One-ry, O-ry, ick-ry Ann,

Filison, foloson, Nicholas, Jan, etc.

is a corruption of Romany rhymed words.

The neighbors of the Gypsies, that is, people who live around their gathering-points, know less about them, their traditions and common happenings, than do strangers far off who love to gather up information about them. This is partly because they despise the *gorgio*, and partly because the *gorgio* despises them. It is not every white-face that cares to sit down in a Gypsy's tent and have the dogs nosing near—the wolfish-looking curs that always range with them ; that loves the ground we tread, enough to snuff its sweetness along with Romany noses ; or that can at all comprehend the brown brother's love of free air and his hatred of walls.

It was sunset when I left the Dayton camp ; the west was all a water-melon color over that pretty little city. Soon the men who had been in town trading, would come home ; or do they say “ come tent ? ” Come *ker*, perhaps. The camp-fires would start up fresh, and perhaps the guitar or fiddle be heard between dog-barks and children's night twitterings. I could have stayed longer, if steam cars only took the road in such a leisurely fashion

as do Gypsies. They were not like any of the people who live in houses. Outdoors furnishes their bric-à-brac — in golden-rod, quaint toad-stools, all kinds of leaves, mosses and curious pebbles. The sky, raining or shining, is a ceiling renewed every day.

Boys are sometimes possessed with a fury for going off to unknown places and achieving immense deeds in the killing of buffaloes, Indians and alligators. I know one dear little fellow who broke up a lot of pickle-bottles with a hatchet, and played he was killing giants. But if men and women confessed to their chief mania, I think it would be a general desire to sit along the hedges or in the dim sweet woods, without a care in the world, letting the hours soak them in content and playing they were Gypsies.

HUNTED BY A WILD STALLION.

TOWARDS the last of August my cousin and myself, both of us lads of sixteen, had been plover-shooting on the airy plains near Island Head on the Newfoundland coast. Having occasion to go from the Cape to a miners' camp near the Head we decided to proceed around the cliffs where the air was fresh and bracing in preference to the sodden, tiresome marshes further inland. About three o'clock we set out having a tramp of eight miles before us. Our course lay close to the edge of those sheer, iron-bound cliffs that rise haughtily out of the sea to a height of from two hundred to five hundred feet. Not a bush was in sight, upland and hollow being covered with a short, thick growth of grass and succulent weeds. It was tiresome, and sometimes perilous, work to

descend a couple of hundred feet into one of these gorges and scale the other side again. I have often, when a lad, inquired whence came the succession of these mighty hollows along this and other parts of my native coast. At first sight you would not attribute the tremendous gouging out to the action of flood, for only a tiny brook a couple of feet wide and incapable of rounding its pebbles hurries along to fling its little, thin, silvery body over the precipice into the sea. But reflection has since taught me that they must be due to mighty torrents caused by the melting glacier that spared Newfoundland, then a part of the mainland, no more than any other portion of the continent.

On the mountain-tops we shot plover and curlew till our ammunition was exhausted and the sun was only half an hour high. Then we quickened our pace, for the camp of the miners was still six miles distant.

As we reached the top of the highest plateau, jaded from the exhausting climb, we heard the far-off but keen, vicious whinny of a horse. We spoke not but looked at each other; for we were now

aware of what we had forgotten before, that the wild stallion, Black Glossy, was grazing about those airy meadows. Further down the coast were other stallions let loose during the summer while the fishermen were away in their boats ; but none was so much to be dreaded as this fierce brute whose name sent terror into the heart of every timid traveller.

We had no means of defense, having fired away our ammunition ; but we were cool, and promptly decided to get off level ground and trust to escape in some cliff-side or slope where the beast could not get a footing. So we were off with the speed of the wind.

About a third of a mile beyond us lay the edge of a slope that ran down to a small cave, and, from a dim recollection which I had retained of the spot, I was in hopes, if we could reach there before the stallion, to make our escape. Again came the same wild neigh, and in the distance we could hear the dull thud of hoofs upon the hard, dry top of the upland. I glanced hastily around, and at a distance of about a third of a mile saw

our pursuer. He was as black as a raven, and the shining of his coat I could see even at that distance. His head curved downward, his body seemed to be gathered up and shortened, and his tail streamed out behind him. Our terror almost lent wings to our feet. Nearer and wilder grew the whinny; but we scarce trusted ourselves to look back. We were nearing the slope, but I was not certain that the portion we were approaching was gradual enough to afford a foothold. I had breath enough to say to my cousin Ned :

“If he overtakes us, our only chance is to stop short, swerve aside, and then dart straight ahead again, which will cause him to curve round and lose time. It is his heels that we have most to guard against.”

We were at the slope and found that it was not so steep as we could have desired it. Below a small brook brawled over the stones down the incline to be lulled and lost in the sand between hightide-mark and the stretch of wild-meadows at the foot of the hill. Nimble we ran down; but fifteen paces above us, at the spot where we had

begun the descent, was the stallion. He did not, as I supposed he would, rush headlong down but snorted, and pawed the sand with his fore-hoofs. Then, wheeling, he galloped in the direction of a faint path that led through a more level passage.

We knew that he must reach the bottom of the valley almost as soon as we could, so we sprang, ran — and sometimes found ourselves rolling — down the steep grassy slope. The neighing of the infuriated brute was now more constant and more appallingly shrill; and the three walls of the hollow gave echoes of the vicious cry till it seemed to our terrified imagination as if we were being pursued by twenty demon horses. The sun, too, had just gone down, and in this lonely place, walled by great mountains, with a weird marsh and a complaining surf before us, superstitious fear was added to the terror of pursuit.

We reached the bottom safely, and observed running out into the cave, a narrow ledge of rock.

“ Upon that ” was all I had breath to say, hastily indicating the rock with my hand.

Then we struck out across the marsh — and the

terrible brute was close by us, his tail in the air, nostrils distended, his eyes blood-shot. We stopped short and swerved to the left, when he was so close that we might have felt his hot breath upon us; and as he curved round, almost losing his legs, we darted on. I shall never forget the thrill of that moment in watching the result of our manoeuvre. As he swept round his tongue was out and he flung foam from his open jaws. His thin "slippers," bright from running over the grass, gleamed almost in our faces as he wheeled around.

Our ruse had saved us. Ere it was necessary to repeat the trick we had both mounted the rock and were nimbly running out to its furthest point where the spray broke slightly over us. From this point we could leap upon a larger rock whence we might take a long range of strand to our right, after the tide had ebbed another half-hour.

Now, the danger and the terror over, we could not but enjoy the discomfiture of our baffled pursuer. A dozen times did he rush out to the surf, plash the water with his hoofs, and plough up the

sand; then he would go careering along the marsh's marge with mane erect, uttering his shrill, fierce whinny and filling every nook about the cliffs with terrifying echoes. We jumped upon the larger rock and stood there awaiting the fall of the tide. The gloaming deepened, and still the maddened brute raved up and down the strand, plashed into the marsh, tearing up the lilies and the violet flag-blooms with his infuriate feet, crying all the while like a balked fiend. And when it became totally dark, before the rising of the moon, we could see gleaming out of the deep dusk by the verge of the marsh two eyes that resembled kindled emeralds.

Beyond the rock on which we stood every now and again a fin or a tail would break the surface of the water and scatter myriad little phosphorescent beads about like showers of silver spray. The splashing was probably made by sharks, for before the darkness came we could see them lurking around the rocks in the clear, green waters, and at intervals pushing a black fin above the surface. We had at the first thought of leaving our

guns behind us on the rock and wading and swimming around the point to the strand ; but the terror of a shark's crunching jaws was not more welcome than the shining heels or the vicious teeth of the Stallion.

When the moon rose above the sea the tide was out, and left a dark belt around the base of the rock. Once more our eyes searched for the foiled horse. He was beyond the marsh standing in deep gloom under the shoulder of the precipice. The last thing I remembered noting as I slid from the rock upon the clammy shingle were two globes of smouldering fire looking toward our point of departure. And as we passed around the point that terrible neigh — it was the last time we heard it — again started a hundred echoes. About nine o'clock we reached the miners' camp, eating the more heartily, and sleeping the more soundly for our afternoon of strain and terror.



THE FAVORITE STEEDS OF THE BEDOUINS.

WILD HORSES.

NOT to go back of the present order of things, I suppose we may say that the home of the horse is the great Assyrian plains which stretch from Egypt to Persia, and have their centre in the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris. That is a region in which horses would delight. They can follow the summer southward beyond the reach of the too severe gales of winter, and can migrate northward again when midsummer heat dries up the pools and water-courses in the South. They can range from Morocco and the Upper Nile to the wide tablelands of Thibet, and around the Black Sea into the steppes of Russia. All this vast area is a succession of open grassy plains where pasturage is perpetual ; or, if it fails for a time in one part the horses can easily gallop away to where the grass is plentiful and water always fresh.

And a wild horse is the very image of proud freedom; there is swiftness and nobility and grace in his every movement; the head is high, the neck arched, the long mane and tail float like plumes, the eyes flash with bright curiosity, the neigh is shrill and defiant as a trumpet; in an instant, upon thundering hoofs, he has vanished like a wind from your sight, leaving only a cloud of dust behind; he is wholly untamed, and seems utterly untamable! Yet I doubt whether there exists anywhere to-day—unless possibly in some of the remote highlands of Central Asia—a single band of wild horses none of whose ancestors ever felt the saddle upon their strong backs, or ignominiously dragged some burden for the slow-footed master of all animals—man.

Think how long ago it was when the horse was first made use of. The Bedouins of the Euphrates valley have a tradition that their favorite breed descends straight from the pair which Noah took with him into the ark; and the Bible account leads us to believe that this was among the first of the animals which the early men subjugated, thou-



· THE FIERY WAR CHARGER.



sands of years before the beginning of the six thousand years which we are told the Bible history covers. In many caves in Europe, where it is evident men made their homes long before they had learned enough to build houses, there is a floor of accumulated soil — very compact, and sometimes three or four feet deep — in which are found traces of fireplaces, broken bones of a variety of animals, stone spear-heads, arrow-points, knives, bones with rude drawings carved upon them, and other incontestible evidences of man's possession, together with some rare portions of the human skeleton itself. In the dry, hard soil of these dark and quiet caves — the old open entrances to which have frequently been choked up by drifted dust and the falling away of the cliffs above, so that new "rock-shelters" are constantly being discovered — such fragments of bones would be preserved for an enormous length of time; and there is reason to believe that the time when men made homes of them is very much longer ago than any historian writes about. Well, in these caves are found the bones of the horse, and found in con-

siderable numbers ; so that we are convinced that they had begun to catch and tame this prince of quadrupeds even then. It is certain that they ate his flesh—a custom which has survived till this day.

I have no doubt that the day when the first wild horse was captured was the beginning of a marked progress in the growth of savage men toward civilization. There is something in the very companionship with a horse which is inspiring and ennobling. It draws out a man's best skill and strength to catch and bring under his rule an animal so fleet and headstrong and wilful. It gives him work to do and exercises all his wits and energies, while at the same time on horseback he is better able to cope with other "beasts of the field," to escape from danger, to travel and see what there is in the world outside his home-valley, and to maintain his superiority or at least equality, among his fellowmen. This is a great and beneficial education. It has always been noticed at the present day, on both sides of the ocean, that those races of savage men who possess horses and

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are accustomed to ride constantly, are far superior in all manly virtues to those tribes that are not mounted. This is particularly noticeable in the case of our Indians on the plains. Tribes like the Blackfeet, Sioux, Pawnees, Comanches and Apaches, whose horses are many and always at hand, do now, and always will, rule the Shoshonees, Pah-Utes, Diggers and other races who possess few or no horses and are unskilful in the saddle. I imagine, then, that the first family, in those pre-historic days, who tamed the horse, became at once chief of the tribe, and that the tribe soon found itself the strongest in the world.

Nearly all the wild horses—probably all, indeed—are claimed as included in the property of some man, or tribe, or to have been once their property. As one travels through Arabia he sees such bands of horses dashing about in the distance, but never coming near him, and it seems the greatest assumption possible for some little shaykh, or ragged Bedouin, to say, "Those are mine." But the traveller does not know that once a year the Bedouins make a great circle about the

plain and gradually drive in all the horses they care to, when the colts are marked, and a large number picked out and half tamed to be sold to the townspeople of Aleppo, Bagdad, Damascus and other cities on the border of the desert. The Bedouins have distinct names for many of the varieties of these desert horses, and claim to know their separate "pedigrees;" that is, the lines of ancestors from which they are descended—the horse-families to which they belong. It is from this stock, known in general as the "Arabian" horse, that the English thoroughbreds and the best hunting and race-horses have been derived; while the great, impetuous, fiery war-chargers came originally mainly from the Barb horses whose home is along the south shore of the Mediterranean. But both of these native Eastern horses are of much less size than the thoroughbred and charger. It is by mixture of other blood, and by cultivation, that the size has been increased; and with this has followed a loss of a part of the beauty and value of the original wild stock.

It is not easy to realize when we think of the

LASSOING WILD HORSES.



vast number of horses which are now owned and employed in North and South America, and the equally vast herds that roam in unfettered liberty over the broad plains from the Saskatchewan to the Rio Gila, and from Brazil to Patagonia, that the horse is not native to our pampas and prairies, but was introduced by the Spaniards only three centuries ago. Yet this is the fact, and all our wild horses, as well as all our tamed ones, have descended from these first chargers of Cortez's and other early expeditions of exploration and conquest, or have since been brought from Europe.

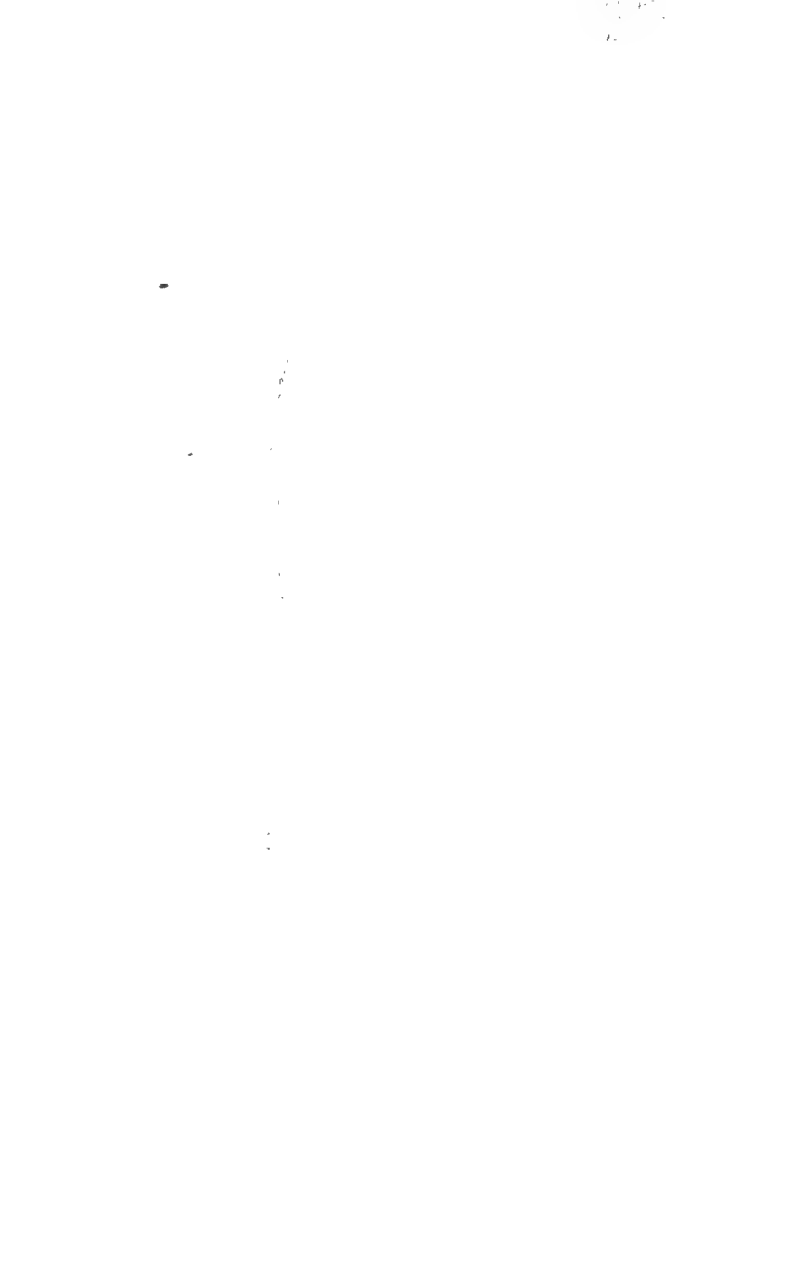
More than two centuries elapsed after the Spanish conquests in Mexico and South America before white men pushing westward from the Atlantic slope, crossed the prairies and plains west of the Mississippi and penetrated the Rocky Mountains. It was almost an equal time before the pampas of Southern Brazil, Paraguay and Patagonia were explored. On both these great areas of grassy plains, travellers found multitudes of horses as free as the buffaloes and antelopes which were their companions upon the wide wastes ; and to these small,

active wild horses was given the name *mustang*.

The methods in use by the Mexicans and Indians for capturing wild horses to recruit their steeds, are interesting. Armed with that effective instrument, the lasso (a rope of rawhide about fifty feet long, and having a running noose in one end), a party of men mount their best horses and go in search of the wild steeds. The horses of the plains and pampas rove about in companies of twelve to twenty, mares and colts, under the leadership of some old fighting horse. When the proximity of such a band is discovered, an attempt is made to get as near to them as possible, which has to be done with great caution since the wild horses are exceedingly wary. Then if the ground favors, by the presence of deep precipitous valleys, or otherwise, the men try to corner the herd by driving them into some cañon. This accomplished, it only remains to single out the ones which are desired, if all the herd cannot be captured, and by that skilful riding and throwing of the lasso in which Mexicans excel, to entangle the noble animal and bring him to the ground. This done, his safety is soon made certain. This

A HERD OF WILD HORSES.





casting of the lasso is something concerning which a great deal might be written, but would not come into the scope of the present article. The lasso is the one weapon and instrument which every one who expects to have anything to do with wild horses or cattle must be provided with; it requires long training, strong muscles and a steady eye to throw it, and a very stout pair of legs and dexterous pair of arms to hold what you have attached your lasso to.

On the open level plains such a method as I have described above would not avail in an attempt to capture wild horses. If it is thought worth while to follow them (where tame horses can be bought so cheaply), the plan is for several men, with extra horses, to single out the one horse in a band which they want (usually some magnificent stallion), separate him from the rest and follow his tracks night and day, as fast as possible, thus giving him no time to feed or sleep, until they have tired him out. By the time this is accomplished you may be sure they are well tired out themselves. I have heard of men on foot, even, doing this with success, by

several of them uniting and managing it so that the horse was frightened into moving always in a great circle, where he could be followed incessantly by the men relieving one another.

The hunters and trappers who used to wander alone over the West sometimes lost their own horses and were in sore need. To meet this extremity they discovered a way of shooting a horse at a particular point in the neck where, by touching a certain nerve, they stunned the animal, and had time to bind his legs and head before he recovered. But if their bullet went half an inch out of its way the horse was ruined if not killed outright. This practice was called *creaseing*. Only the most accurate marksmen were able to do it, and I think it has wholly gone out of vogue on the plains.

In the United States, indeed, the picturesque figure which the haughty, timorous, beautiful wild horses make upon the limitless expanse of yellow plain is outweighed by the annoyance they cause. Let a band of them come near a ranche, and they will attract away from the home-pastures many of the ranchman's tame horses and mules which, once

they have joined their nomadic brethren, and caught the infection of freedom, can never be reclaimed. The plainsmen, therefore, dread the appearance of wild horses and frequently make a special effort to kill all of them they can. Chances are few, however, unless the herders make a regular business of it, for nothing in the world is so shy of human approach as an American wild horse. I am not aware that any use is made of their carcasses; but in Paraguay many thousands of horses are killed yearly for the sake of their hides, their tallow, and their hoofs and long hair, all being exported from the Rio la Plata country in large quantities. Those Paraguayan horses, however, like thousands on our own plains, are not truly wild, for once a year — sometimes oftener — they are surrounded by a cordon of mounted men, called *ganchos*, and driven into *corrales*, or stockade-pens, where the colts are branded by a hot iron with the owner's mark, those picked out that are intended for sale or to be trained to the saddle, and the rest let go to range in freedom for another year.

There is a vast deal of interest attaching to the

history, habits, breeding and ancestry of the different wild horses of the world ; but it is impossible here to do more than indicate something about them which may profitably be followed up by you in your reading.

HOW WALTER FOUND HIS FATHER.

CHAPTER I.

SO you stick to your story?"
"If I told anything else it would be a lie," said the boy, doggedly.

"Now look'ee here," said Officer Mahoney of the San Francisco police force, shaking a finger menacingly at the ten-year-old boy, who cowered as if in consciousness of guilt, "don't ye think ye'll gain anything by misleadin' of these gentlemen. Three days ago, when I set eyes on ye a-hangin' round the ferry slip, says I to meself, 'That's a boy as has no business here.' I asked you then where ye come from and were a-goin', and this was what ye said: 'The night before ye had come in from New York on the overland train, and yer father,

who's a lawyer and come out here three years ago, was to meet ye at the wharf, but the gentleman niver put in an appearance. Is that correct?"

The boy sullenly nodded assent, and the officer went on, fixing the boy with his eye, in a manner calculated to terrify the worst criminal into a confession, but this time addressing the gentlemen present :

" Says I then, to Officer Field here, ' That boy's a runaway, and no mistake. He's too well-dressed to be raised among the gang he's with, and his story about coming in on the overland train and losing his valise is all gammon. This fellow lives on some farm not more'n a hundred mile from here. He's been readin' blood-and-thunder stories and some fine night has slipped a little money into his pocket and stole away from home. These country people are slow, but they'll be heard from afore long. If he came down on the overland train at all, he stole a ride.' "

The boy listened to this suppositious account of himself in a silence which might have been obstinacy or passive endurance.

"Have you seen the conductor of the overland train that reached here Monday night?" inquired Secretary Hunter, of the Society for the Protection of Children, in whose rooms this colloquy was being held.

"If you please, sir," said the other officer in blue, speaking for the first time, "I went down to the C. P. R. R. office yesterday to inquire about him, and found he had just started off up Russian River the day before on a month's vacation. By the time he comes back the matter will have slipped his memory."

"Then there's the lad's name," broke in Officer Mahoney. "Walter Linneville, indade! There isn't such a name in the whole directory of the city. Faith! it's from a chape novel."

"It is a curious case," said Secretary Hunter, addressing Judge Windsor, president of the Society, who had sat all the time a silent spectator. "What do you think we had better do? Write the New York Chief of Police, and see if the lad can be traced there? Or would that be proceeding without sufficient grounds?"

"Do whatever you please," said the judge, who was a firm believer in physiognomy, and had been keenly studying the boy's face during the progress of the discussion. "*I* believe the boy's story. Walter, would you like to go home with me and stay until we find your father?"

The boy was out of his chair in a moment. The restoration of confidence in him, implied in the judge's words, acted like some magical stimulus. The sullen look vanished from his face and his eyes sparkled with intelligence and gratitude.

"I know we shall find my father," he cried.

"Fields," said Officer Mahoney in an undertone, "if he is a hippycrite he's a bad 'un," and Officer Fields nodded assent.

This was early in the month of February, 1880. Two months later, not a clue had been discovered bearing upon the history of the boy. The State of California had been scoured in vain for a lawyer, or man of any other profession, bearing the name of Charles Linneville. When other resources failed, an appeal was made to the New York Chief of Police, who reported that the address given by

the boy as his boarding-place in that city was a vacant house. The boy was generally believed to be a runaway, and every effort was made to obtain some clue to his antecedents.

Judge Windsor alone adhered to his faith in the lad, whose story was always straightforward and consistent. He had latterly taken up the matter himself, writing to several addresses which Walter recalled among his friends at the East. But even if the tale were confirmed, the judge reflected, there still remained the perplexing question of the father's whereabouts, for solution.

Before the public the boy figured as a delightful mystery, and was fast passing into the history of the city as a parallel case to that of Willie Baldwin, the bright, neatly clad, freckled little five-year-old, found wandering alone on the streets of San Francisco early one morning some five years ago, and of whose previous history not a trace has ever been revealed.

CHAPTER II.

AT the foot of the hills to the southwest of the city, embowered in green, where birds sing and flowers blossom all the year long, is the city and county hospital, a rambling structure, built in the form of a star, with long wings radiating from a common centre. One day during the middle of March, a couple of ladies drove up to the door, heavy-laden with fruits, bouquets and magazines; they were representatives of the Fruit and Flower Mission, on their regular weekly visit, and their advent was hailed with rejoicing by the patients.

Passing through Ward J in the north wing, they were accompanied by Dr. Douglass, one of the visiting physicians, who entertained them with odd bits of information respecting some of the most interesting cases.

At the end of the ward lay a strong man pros-

trate. His face was that of a man between thirty and forty, two great dark eyes gazing gravely at his visitors, his nose clear cut and shapely, his mouth hidden by a heavy dark moustache, while his brown hair was slightly tinged with gray.

“Here,” said the doctor, “is a case brought up from the City Receiving Hospital two or three weeks ago. The fellow had a blow on his head, when coming ashore from one of the coast steamers some time before, and has continued ever since in the state in which you see him. It is really a most interesting case from a scientific standpoint, and of a type very rarely presented to the profession. Physically, he is in the most perfect health, a slight paralysis of the lower muscles, which was perceptible at first, having wholly disappeared. His power of articulation is measurably restored. But the co-ordination between the brain and the body—to make myself clear, I will say the mysterious telegraphic communication which makes the body obey the bidding of the brain—is wholly gone. He hears us speak, his eyes are full of intelligence, his mind is unusually clear and active, his utterance

is distinct, yet he can exercise no more control over his speech than if it were the property of another person. With the other functions it is the same. Observe him when I give him this pencil."

The doctor placed a pencil in the right hand of the patient, at the same time laying before him a sheet of paper, and saying,

"Be so kind as to write your name."

The man's forehead was knit as with a mighty concentration of effort, but his hand, with a violent jerk, flung the pencil to the floor.

"Put your hand to your head!" commanded the physician.

Another silent inner struggle took place; the hand trembled, swayed, and moved a few inches downward upon the bed. A gleam of fun sparkled for a moment in the patient's eyes, at his own futile efforts.

"Question him, if you like," said the doctor to his lady companions. "He has lain here for days, but all efforts to learn his name or identity have failed."

One of the ladies eagerly availed herself of the permission.

"Are you an American?"

"No," quick and distinct.

"Are you an Englishman?"

"No."

"Irishman?"

"No."

"A German?"

"Well, I think—yes."

"*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*"

"Oh, yes."

"But he does not, or he would say *ja*, doctor. Besides, he speaks English with purest accent."

"My dear madam, I told you he has not the slightest control of his vocal organs. He says yes when he means a negative. See! He is laughing now at his absurd admission."

"Let me try again. Now listen to me and answer—me—care-fully. Are—you—a—German?"

"No, American." The reply came with sharp decision.

"Would you know your name if you heard it?"

"Yes."

"Is it Smith? Brown? Jones? Black——"

"Lim—Lim-Limburger!" suddenly burst from the sick man's lips.

"Limburger! What an odd name! Are you sure?"

"Yes, yes. Oh—confound!"

The lady who had not hitherto spoken, a small woman clad in nut-brown, with bright black eyes, stooped over the patient and whispered something in his ear. As he heard it, a sudden light came into his face, his hand clutched the coverlet impulsively, but not a sound came from his lips. His powers of utterance had failed again, and speech was impossible, as it had been the greater portion of the time since he was brought there.

As they moved away from his bedside one of the ladies addressed the physician:

"Now, Doctor, tell us frankly what will be the result of this case."

"The man," said the doctor, fastening his thumbs in the buttonholes which ornamented the lapels of his coat, "is to all intents and purposes,

dead, save that his soul remains imprisoned within the body over which it has ceased to reign. He may continue in this state for years and be apparently as infirm in intellect as any other inmate of Napa Asylum—where he'll have to be sent before long. There is slight hope of recovery; some sudden shock might restore him—even the sight of some familiar object—any trifling thing may prove the touchstone by which will vibrate the subtle chord linking together body and brain.”

“Doctor Douglass, have you a telephone here, and may I use it a moment?” said the little woman in nut-brown. She had been lost in thought for some moments, and now spoke in a tone of grave resolve.

“Why, certainly, my dear madam, but—may I ask—”

“Yes, Doctor, you may. I am going to send for the ‘shock.’ That is all.”

CHAPTER III.

AT three o'clock that afternoon, Judge Windsor sat in his library at home, deep in the study of some knotty legal question. Beside him on the floor, turning over the pages of a dog-eared volume, was his young protégé.

A sudden exclamation from the boy arrested the judge's attention. Holding the ponderous volume open in his hands he rushed over to his protector.

"See here ! I have found his name !" he cried.

The book he held was a directory, published a year previous. It was open at the L's, and half-way down the page, where the boy's finger was firmly held, the judge read :

"Charles Linneville, Attorney-at-law, 412 Pine St."

The judge was scarcely less excited than the boy.

"Hurrah, Walter, we'll find him now! If he was here a year ago, it will be easy enough to trace him. But what stupidity it was, not to have looked in the old directories."

There came a sudden imperious ring at the telephone. He rose impatiently and responded.

"Is that you, Judge Windsor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not *sir*. Mrs. Carrington is speaking. I am at the county hospital." A confused muttering followed.

"Cannot understand you, madam. Will you please speak slower?"

"I said, please take Walter and come out here at once. Don't delay."

The judge felt that something of importance was behind this imperious demand. To don hats and overcoats and spring into the light buggy that stood before the door, was only the work of a few minutes. The gray mare fairly flew over the pavements and across the city. Buildings dwindled in size, yards grew larger, streets broader. They left the travelled road at last, flashed past vacant

lots, over uneven grades, and finally drew up at an arched gateway.

Arrived at the main entrance to the hospital, a little woman in nut-brown encountered them, her eyes dancing with excitement, but her voice cool and controlled, as she said :

“Judge Windsor, I have to-day chanced upon several curious cases here, which I fancy you and Walter may like to see. Doctor Douglass is going to take us through the north ward. Doctor Douglass, you are acquainted with the judge, and know the interest he takes in curious metaphysical developments.”

Judge Windsor would have liked very much to make some inquiries of this exacting lady, but a sharp glance of her eye admonished him to silence. He accompanied the party through the long, dreary room, now stopping at the bedside of a dying consumptive, now looking pityingly upon a man emaciated with blood starvation, and anon chatting gayly with a victim of melancholia. An incorrigible opium-eater entertained the visitors with an account of his experiences, and related

dramatically his sensations at a time when his cravings for the drug became so violent that he had to be strapped to his bed to prevent his doing some mischief to his attendants.

The judge listened with a weary and indifferent air. They had nearly reached the extremity of the ward, and he could not help thinking somewhat regretfully of his cosey library and easy chair at home. He felt fretted at the thoughtless demand which had called him here on an obviously aimless quest. He knew Mrs. Carrington well; and while he mentally credited her with some very worthy qualities and pleasant possibilities, he realized that she was a very Quixotic little body and not at all incapable of conceiving absurd and impracticable schemes —

He never completed these reflections. There was a sudden commotion close by. Upon a cot just before him, where a moment before a helpless, inanimate form had lain, a fine-looking, dark-eyed man suddenly raised himself to a sitting posture, and holding out his arms to the judge's timid companion, cried out in resonant tones,

“Walter, my boy! ‘come here.”

Love, the all-powerful, had effected what neither the physician’s skill, nor all the resources of science, could accomplish.

There may have been a dry eye somewhere in that end of the ward, but if there was, no one else was there with clear enough vision to see it.

When Officer Mahoney heard the whole story — how Mr. Linneville had gone up to Port Townsend to settle a few months before, and, coming down on the *Astoria* to meet his boy in San Francisco, had received an almost fatal injury in stepping ashore — that blue-coated guardian of the peace was quite crestfallen for a moment. Then he turned to Officer Fields.

“Sure, that was the occasion we made a triflin’ mistake, me friend!” And Officer Fields, the reticent, nodded.

AFTER THE BUFFALO.

BOTH Indians and bison, or American buffalo, are so rapidly passing away that it may be of interest to describe the way in which the inhabitants of our great upland plains provision themselves for the year. The Red River Half Breeds and the white hunters hunt the buffalo chiefly for the hides, and the cargoes of pelts that each year float down the Missouri are only a partial measurement of the destruction. The Government, too, as a means of warfare frequently orders its cavalry to destroy all the buffalo in the district occupied by a hostile tribe ; and in a single day seven hundred animals have been left on the ground, the service not permitting even a pelt or a tongue to be taken.

Very different in its intention and aspect is the hunt by an Indian tribe, when the approach of winter is driving the bison toward the south, and

the hardships of the coming season make every pound of meat valuable to the hunters.

At the time of the hunt I am about to describe, I was with "Pretty Blackbird's" band of *Ipsarraqua* — or "Crow" — Indians (who live in the region of the Upper Missouri) and we were encamped along the creek, tributary to the Musselshell. The banks were fringed with willow and alders and the meadow was green with the fresh springing buffalo grass. *Teepees** and *wikinps** dotted both sides of the stream; grouped in picturesque clusters or standing in solitary independence. The herd of ponies grazed in the bottom land and on the hill-sides. Here and there was one picketed ready for use. The children were playing, the women were working; some making moccasins, some weaving, some plaiting lariats, some sewing beaded robes. The tall brown cones of the teepees with the blue column of smoke rising from the nest of poles sticking out of the top, and the little beehive-shaped *wikinps* made from boughs covered with skins composed a savage village, beautiful in its

* Lodges.

straggling picturesqueness, its thronging life, and so airy in its effect that you could not but feel that on the slightest whim it would vanish like a mirage. Those most dejected and wretched of all Indian villagers, the wolfish dogs, were snapping and snarling or skulking or sleeping or, in their queer harness, were dragging kettles of water from the creek. And yet with all this varied life and the daily occupations there was a certain air of rest that pervaded the little valley. It was in contrast to the sudden bustle and hurrying to and fro, when a picket came riding leisurely in to announce a large herd of buffalo in sight.

The boys and men caught up their horses. The women made ready the knives and lariats, and got the pack animals. The men were soon ready, most of them armed with rifles, some with bows backed with sinew and capable of driving an arrow clear through a horse.

The Indian horses are rated as "five-cow," "ten-cow"; the greatest prize being a "twenty-cow horse." This means that the horse has speed and bottom to overtake a herd under ordinary circum-

stances and place his master alongside of twenty cows, to be despatched in succession. A twenty-cow horse is beyond price with the Crows and Sioux. Like the Arab mares, they are as a rule not to be bought.

The band of hunters stripped of everything almost save ammunition pouch, or quiver, set off at once to gain the windward of the herd; and later on the women and boys leading spare horses and pack animals under guidance of a few men, took a diagonal that would bring them near the probable line of chase.

I was mounted on a very good "American horse" about twice the size of "Pretty Blackbird's" sinewy "twenty-cow" steed.

It had been raining the day before and the prairie, only sparsely covered with the tufts of grass, was very slippery. The old picket-guard bulls of the herd sighted or scented us when we were about half a mile away. Of course we were not grouped, but had spread out to endeavor to enfold them. Instantly away they went, tails up, their great, lumbering, clumsy gallop covering ground very rapidly,

IN THE MIDST OF THE HERD.



and their huge cloven hoofs taking good hold of the slippery surface. And away went we, the horses with ears and eyes set, running like antelope. It was a beautiful sight to see the naked Indians and naked ponies, flying across country in a long, straggling line converging toward the black, billowy mass of objects far ahead. Up hill and down, over one rolling land wave after another, slipping, once or twice a horse falling, but usually keeping their feet with wonderful agility and steadily gaining on the bison. Pretty Blackbird was in the lead, his horse cleaving the air like a swallow; his hair streamed in the wind, his muscular, bronze body poised gracefully as a part of his steed, his right hand held his Winchester rifle, thrown easily into the hollow of the left arm. My horse managed to keep reasonably near Blackbird's, and about five of us struck the herd first, Blackbird splitting it as a wedge and charging almost to its head before firing. His object was to separate it into portions. Aided by the foremost pursuers, the herd was scattered and disorganized. We, Blackbird and I, were at the front among the swift

footed cows, and he was selecting his animals and banging right and left, holding his Winchester as one would hold a revolver. He hit with almost unerring accuracy, just behind the fore shoulder or through the back (a forward and downward ranging shot). I found great difficulty in keeping my horse near the animals and fired shot after shot without much effect, while Blackbird and the others were laying out the huge beasts for the winter provisioning in rapid succession.

So we went; away, away, the herd scattered into groups, some calves being lassoed or shot with arrows, by the hunters behind us. My horse was flagging. His wind was gone, but with whip and spur I endeavored to keep pace with Blackbird.

It was no use, his little beauty was running as fresh almost as at the start, and a clump of buffalo were almost within his reach. They and Blackbird drew steadily away from me, when suddenly they swerved, charged headlong down a long slope. I took the shortest line toward them, but was far behind when crack, crack began Blackbird's rifle. He

was again up with them and in a few rapid shots had marked his trail with his trophies when suddenly the leaders went out of sight, and like the pouring of a cataract the herd disappeared from view over the edge of a *coulee* or deep gully. Blackbird apparently made no attempt to check his horse; probably in the slippery mud it would have been worse than useless. At any rate he simply gathered his horsehair bridle, straightened himself—it was the work of an instant—and over he went after the buffalo. We heard his rifle, so knew he must be safe; and hurrying forward saw the bison scrambling up the opposite side of the ravine, which was about twenty feet deep, and Blackbird's horse was plunging to dry land, while knee-deep in the mud the chief himself was blazing away at the buffalo laboriously climbing the opposite bank.

My part of the hunt was over for that day, the whole pleasure and excitement lay in the terrific and dangerous ride. I had not the feeling of want which prompted Blackbird to shoot the last fleeing creature, after he had strewn three or four miles of trail with trophies.

With a careless laugh and good-natured nod, Blackbird signed to me that this was the end and we rode back, meeting the crowd of women and children. He told some where his trophies lay. Others had been as successful as he ; and soon the whole prairie was alive with little parties rapidly securing and caring for the abundant relay of winter meats. Plenty reigned in the camp of Pretty Blackbird.

OSITO.

ON the lofty mountain that faced the captain's cabin, the frost had already made an insidious approach, and the slender thickets of quaking ash that marked the course of each tiny torrent, now stood out in resplendent hues and shone afar off like gay ribbons running through the dark-green pines. Gorgeously, too, with scarlet, crimson and gold, gleamed the lower spurs, where the oak-brush grew in dense masses and bore beneath a blaze of color, a goodly harvest of acorns, now ripe and loosened in their cups.

It was where one of these spurs joined the parent mountain, where the oak-brush grew thickest and, as a consequence, the acorns were most abundant, that the captain, well-versed in woodcraft mysteries, had built his bear trap. For two days he had been engaged upon it and now, as the even-

ing drew on, he sat contemplating it with satisfaction, as a work finished and perfected.

From his station there, on the breast of the lofty mountain, the captain could scan many an acre of sombre pine forest with pleasant little parks interspersed, and here and there long slopes brown with bunch grass. He was the lord of this wild domain. And yet his sway there was not undisputed. Behind an intervening spur to the westward ran an old Indian trail long travelled by the Southern Utes in their migrations north for trading and hunting purposes. And even now, a light smoke wafted upward on the evening air, told of a band encamped on the trail on their homeward journey to the Southwest.

The captain needed not this visual token of their proximity. He had been aware of it for several days. Their calls at his cabin in the lonely little park below, had been frequent, and they had been specially solicitous of his coffee, his sugar, his biscuit and other delicacies, insomuch that once or twice during his absence these ingenuous children of Nature had, with primitive simplicity, entered his

cabin and helped themselves without leave or stint.

However, as he knew their stay would be short, the captain bore these neighborly attentions with mild forbearance. It was guests more graceless than these who had roused his wrath.

From their secret haunts far back towards the Snowy Range, the bears had come down to feast upon the ripened acorns, and so doing, had scented the captain's bacon and sugar afar off and had prowled by night about the cabin. Nay, more, three days before, the captain, having gone hurriedly away and left the door loosely fastened, upon his return had found all in confusion. Many of his eatables had vanished, his flour sack was ripped open and, unkindest cut of all, his beloved books lay scattered about. At the first indignant glance, the captain had cried out, "Utes again!" But on looking around he saw a tell-tale trail left by floury bear paws.

Hence this bear trap.

It was but a strong log pen floored with rough-hewn slabs and fitted with a ponderous movable lid made of other slabs pinned on stout cross

pieces. But satisfied with his handiwork the captain now arose and prying up one end of the lid with a lever, set the trigger and baited it with a huge piece of bacon. He then piled a great quantity of rock upon the already heavy lid to further guard against the escape of any bear so unfortunate as to enter, and shouldering his axe and rifle walked homewards.

Whatever vengeful visions of captive bears he was indulging in, were, however, wholly dispelled as he drew near the cabin. Before the door stood the Ute chief accompanied by two squaws. "How!" said the chieftain, with a conciliating smile, laying one hand on his breast of bronze and extending the other as the captain approached.

"How!" returned the captain bluffly, disdaining the hand with a recollection of sundry petty thefts.

"Has the great captain seen a pappoose about his wigwam?" asked the chief, nowise abashed, in Spanish — a language which many of the Southern Utes speak as fluently as their own.

The great captain had expected a request for a biscuit; he, therefore, was naturally surprised at be-

ing asked for a baby. With an effort he mustered together his Spanish phrases and managed to reply that he had seen no pappoose.

"Me pappoose lost," said one of the squaws brokenly. And there was so much distress in her voice that the captain, forgetting instantly all about the slight depredations of his dusky neighbors, volunteered to aid them in their search for the missing child.

All that night, for it was by this time nearly dark, the hills flared with pine torches and resounded with the shrill cries of the squaws, the whoops of the warriors, the shouts of the captain; but the search was fruitless.

This adventure drove the bear-trap from its builder's mind, and it was two days before it occurred to him to go there in quest of captive bears.

Coming in view of it he immediately saw the lid was down. Hastily he approached, bent over, and peeped in. And certainly in the whole of his adventurous life the captain was never more taken by surprise; for there, crouched in one corner, was that precious Indian infant.

Yes, true it was, that all those massive timbers, all that ponderous mass of rock, had only availed to capture one very small Ute pappoose. At the thought of it, the builder of the trap was astounded. He laughed aloud at the absurdity. In silence he threw off rock and lid and seated himself on the edge of the open trap. Captor and captive then gazed at each other with gravity. The errant infant's attire consisted of a calico shirt of gaudy hues, a pair of little moccasins, much frayed, and a red flannel string. This last was tied about his straggling hair, which fell over his forehead like the shaggy mane of a *bronco* colt and veiled, but could not obscure, the brightness of his black eyes.

He did not cry; in fact, this small stoic never even whimpered, but he held the bacon, or what remained of it, clasped tightly to his breast and gazed at his captor in silence. Glancing at the bacon, the captain saw it all. Hunger had induced this wee wanderer to enter the trap, and in detaching the bait, he had sprung the trigger and was caught.

"What are you called, little one?" asked the captain in Spanish, very slowly and distinctly.

"WHAT ARE YOU CALLED, LITTLE ONE?" ASKED THE CAPTAIN.



“Osito,” replied the wanderer in a small piping voice, but with the dignity of a warrior.

“Little Bear!” the captain repeated, and burst into a hearty laugh, immediately checked, however, by the thought that now he had caught him, what was he to do with him? The first thing, evidently, was to feed him.

So he conducted him to the cabin and there, observing the celerity with which the lumps of sugar vanished, he saw at once that Little Bear was most aptly named. Then, sometimes leading, and sometimes carrying him, for Osito was very small, he set out for the Ute encampment.

Their approach was the signal for a mighty shout. Warriors, squaws and the younger confrères of Osito, crowded about them. A few words from the captain explained all, and Osito himself, clinging to his mother was borne away in triumph — the hero of the hour. Yet, no — the captain was that I believe. For as he stood in their midst with a very pleased look on his sunburnt face, the chief quieting the hubbub with a wave of his hand, advanced and stood before him. “The great captain has a

good heart," he said in tones of conviction. "What can his Ute friends do to show their gratitude?"

"Nothing," said the captain looking more pleased than ever.

"The captain has been troubled by the bears. Would it please him if they were all driven back to their dens in the great mountains towards the setting sun?"

"It would," said the captain; "can it be done?"

"It can. It shall," said the chief with emphasis. "To-morrow let the *captain* keep his eyes open, and as the sun sinks behind the mountain tops he shall see the bears follow also."

The chief kept his word. The next day the uproar on the hills was terrific. Frightened out of their wits, the bears forsook the acorn fields and fled ingloriously to their secret haunts in the mountains to the westward.

In joy thereof the captain gave a great farewell feast to his red allies. It was spread under the pines in front of his cabin and every delicacy of the season was there, from bear steaks to beaver tails. The banquet was drawing to a close, and compli-

mentary speeches 'twixt host and guests were in order, when a procession of the squaws was seen approaching from the encampment. They drew near and headed for the captain in solemn silence. As they passed, each laid some gift at his feet — fringed leggings, beaded moccasons, bear-skins, coyote skins, beaver pelts and soft robes of the mountain lion's hide — until the pile reached to the captain's shoulders. Last of all came Osito's mother and crowned the heap with a beautiful little brown bear-skin. It was fancifully adorned with blue ribbons, and in the centre of the tanned side, there were drawn, in red pigment, the outlines of a very stolid and stoical-looking pappoose.

J A P.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a very saucy-looking little dog, with black, bead-like eyes and a pug nose so high in air that it gave him a look of ineffable conceit, although he was, at this moment in an attitude of supplication, sitting on his hind legs, begging pitiously.

But then Jap was always begging ; when he was hungry, when he wanted to go to walk ; when he desired to have a game of ball ; when he thought anything was expected of him ; whenever, in fact, he felt conversational and tried to say something.

Just at present he put up his paws and begged because he was embarrassed by the long sermon his young master, Gabriel Roberts, had been preaching at him. It was a full account of Jap's

faults and shortcomings, and although Jap experienced no sense of remorse for his sins, nor meant to promise amendment for the future, he still found it convenient to wiggle his slender black and white paws and entreat Gabriel to stop. Gabriel, however, went on: "There, you rascal, you barked three times in the night and woke poor old grandma! You worried grandma's cat the first thing this morning! You drove grandma's rooster out of the yard! You would not eat the breakfast grandma offered you! I see, Jap, you and I must go."

Jap continued to beg, but not in a manner to show that he tried to take in the seriousness of the situation. Gabriel felt, with a heavy heart, that Jap's prospects looked very grave. For Jap—although of all little dogs in the world the most bewitching—had enemies of whom Gabriel's grandmother was the chief. The others were her cat and a gigantic rooster who was so afraid of the little dog that he took his hens far away from home on long excursions, where they got into sad mischief scratching up the neighbor's gardens and

were angrily complained of. The old grandmother had had little but trouble all her life, and had grown cross-grained with all the world, and found these little vexations unendurable. She had told Gabriel pointedly this morning that she would not allow herself to be tormented to death by a miserable little animal which was not even a Christian dog, but a wretched heathen Japanese Pug. His ways were not her ways ; her ideas were far from governing him, and to see that conceited little nose sniffing scorn at her was more than she could endure ! If Gabriel did not at once get rid of that dog, she would. This intimation was something to shudder at, for it meant all the terrors of sudden death for the poor little beast.

Gabriel had always been a dreamy boy with his mind set on things far-off, but he had grown to love Jap with all his heart. Those of my readers who know how expensive this rare breed of dogs is, may wonder how a barefooted boy of twelve, out at elbows and with a torn straw hat, should come to have one in his possession. But Jap had been given to Gabriel the year before by a little girl

whom he pulled out of the river into which she had tumbled by chance. It had not been a difficult feat to achieve, and he could see no reason for accepting any reward and indignantly declined the money her parents offered him. A few months later, however, the family went to Europe for a long stay, and the little girl sent Gabriel her pet dog. Ever since he and the Pug had been inseparable, and a warm friendship had grown up between them. Jap was, in truth, a dog of quick intelligence and understood most things at once. There was only one subject regarding which he was stupid, and that was where Gabriel's grandmother was concerned. The powers that be, must be propitiated, and he ought to have tried to please this somewhat grim and melancholy-minded old woman. But Jap was excessively fastidious, and she was always bustling about and getting in his way. He liked peace and quietness, and she shut doors with a bang. He had a preference, too, for rather delicate food, and she had a way of insisting that he should eat messes which she declared quite good enough for a dog, but which he

despised and would have starved before he condescended to touch. She had, besides, given him two or three contemptuous little kicks. Jap found such treatment hard to put up with, and he quite disliked her and showed his feelings. Not being a little Christian dog, you see, he did not know that he should have borne even her blows with patience and fortitude.

Gabriel knew his grandmother and although he believed in her actual kindness, he realized the strength of her prejudices and that she would inflictingly carry out any course of action she once decided on. So he said to himself that Jap should never go back into her sight again. He thought a little of setting out in quest of adventures with Jap for a Puss-in-Boots; he remembered Dick Whittington's cat which laid the foundations of his fortunes. It then occurred to him that Jap knew so many tricks he might well set up for a Learned Dog, and earn his own living, besides drawing crowds to admire him. This idea quite pleased Gabriel; and had he known of a circus within walking distance he might have set out that very

hour to solicit an engagement for the Japanese Pug.

As it was while turning the fancy over in his mind, Gabriel thought he might as well take stock of the dog's performances, and sitting down again was putting him through his paces, when all at once his attention was diverted by the heavy tramp of hoofs along the road and the dull lowing of cattle. In a few moments a drove came in sight, driven by a boy a-foot and followed by a large, red-faced, good-natured looking man in a gig. Gabriel and his dog were on the bank just above the sandy road whence rose a cloud of dust and enveloped them. Jap was sitting on his hind legs, holding a stick on his fore paws, but did not alter his position except to raise his ears and turn his head from right to left. The man in the gig happened to observe the droll little figure and stopping his horse he burst into a loud laugh, and called out :

"What'll you take for your dog, my lad? I call that a knowing animal."

"One hundred dollars," said Gabriel, just as he

might have said "a thousand"; for he had no idea that Jap commanded any special market value. He was a bright little dog, that he knew, and so odd-looking that strangers always turned to look at him; but in the village of Marshfield dogs were not considered as salable commodities. So his reply was merely a pleasantry, and it surprised him when the man got out of his gig, came up the bank, and after looking Jap over critically, said:

"That's a han'some price, even for a Japanese Pug. Where'd you get him?"

"A young lady in the Red Stone House gave him to me."

"Where'd she get him? Imported him, likely enough."

"I don't know," said Gabriel. "I know she made everything of him, but all she told me was that he was ten months old."

"He's a fine animal an' no mistake," said the man sitting down beside Gabriel. "He seems a bright 'un too."

"Oh! what he don't know ain't worth knowing," said Gabriel, "See him now!"

Gabriel took a ball out of his pocket and flung it at Jap who caught it in his mouth; then with a stroke of his paw sent it rolling back along the ground. Next Gabriel blindfolded him, while he hid his hat, and then let him look for it with all his eyes. In fact, there was no end to the games they played together to the high enjoyment of the red-faced man.

"I'd like to have that dog," said he presently, "ef we could come to terms."

"You'd have to offer something considerable to make me part with him," declared Gabriel. "He's the only thing I've got in the world."

"I'll give you five dollars in cash for him."

"Five dollars," repeated Gabriel with an accent of scorn; yet in all his life he had never had five dollars of his own.

The man meditated a while. "I should like to make it an object to you," he said then. "I don't mind sayin' as much as this; I've got a brother in the fancy-dog line an' at this moment he's in want of a Japanese dog for a customer. He had six come out by steamer, but four on 'em died in the

passage, an' the other two have dwindled a'most to nothin' an' lost their hair. I'd like to take him that dog. Now, I wonder what you say to a swap."

"A swap?" exclaimed Gabriel, to whom the process of swapping meant marbles and jack-knives.

"Folks got a cow?" the man went on to inquire with a forced smile.

"No," said Gabriel incredulously.

"What would you say now to a good cow for that ere dog?"

Gabriel felt as if he were dreaming; but he was not a boy to give himself away easily, so he asked quietly: "What sort of a cow?"

"Jes' come down an' look at my red heifer," said the man, pointing to his drove which had stopped a little way off and were grazing contentedly along the green banks.

Gabriel took Jap in his arms and followed the red-faced man down, and the dog sniffed at the cattle and looked at them as if they were insects. Some were old cows and some were fine young

steers, and here and there was a mischievous-looking calf. But the gem of the whole herd was a small red heifer who was cropping the sweet herbage with long, deep breath.

"Lead her up," the man said to the cowboy. "Now look at her," he went on to Gabriel, "an' see if you don't think she's a beauty. I bought her yesterday, twenty miles back, an' she's worth a pile o' money; but I'll trade her off to you for that ere dog I've set my heart on havin', an' will call the transaction square."

Gabriel's head was swimming, but he said soberly, "Grandmother always thought if she only had a cow, she could get along."

"Wa'al, here's such a chance as you'll never have ag'in! Look at her horns! She's part Jersey, an' a young Jersey cow's worth her weight in gold. She only had her first calf las' February. Her milk's as rich an' sweet as butter. Jes' taste it!"

He pulled a cup out of his gig and milked the heifer, calling upon Gabriel to taste, and Gabriel tasted much to his own satisfaction. He did not

tell the drover he thought the world bewitched that anybody would give a cow away for a little dog. But after half an hour's talk he kissed Jap and resigned him to the man, who tied him securely to his dash-board and drove away. Gabriel walked home with some elation, leading his prize. But his heart was pulled two ways, and when Jap sitting up on the seat of the gig looked back at him and begged, uttering a piteous, little, soft whine, it was torn almost in two.

Strange to say, as the two separated it was the drover who felt sure he drove a profitable morning's work and made the best of the bargain.

CHAPTER II.

WE are obliged to pass over the details of old Mrs. Roberts' reception of her grandson and his cow. At first she was indignant, then alarmed, and finally declared herself incredulous. That a little dog who could do nothing save to sit on his hind legs and beg could be exchanged for a beautiful sleek heifer, was a thing undreamed of in her philosophy. Gabriel showed her a paper in which the drover had recorded the transaction, and which both he and the cowherd had signed; but even this did little towards satisfying the old woman that the bargain was legitimate and lawful. Nothing could have convinced her except the logic of the situation: there was the cow grazing contentedly in the back yard and nobody to hinder! Mrs. Roberts could do no work that day. It was enough to stand about and watch the heifer, first

from one side and then from the other. The creature had such a beautiful shiny coat—such meek loving eyes, such great, velvety dewlaps! The very whisk of her tail was a poetic curve to the old woman, who in all her long life had had few possessions to take comfort in. After a while she grew bold enough to put her hand on the arched neck, and then she laughed; an odd sort of a laugh with a half-sob in it. Many and many a day had passed since the poor old woman had known just that throb of pride and joy.

But when the day declined, and milking-time came, there was a slight reverse. Gabriel had asked the farmer over at the Red Stone House to come and teach him how to milk, and it was then that the flaw in their good luck came out. The heifer kicked the milk-pail, and this was the secret of the whole transaction. The drover had bought her for a song from her owner who had found her unmanageable. Hardly a drop of milk had the milkmaid saved in a whole month, and there is an end to all things. However, Farmer White had not lived all his life for nothing.

“Jes’ go,” said he to Gabriel, “an’ get a basket of red clover blossoms an’ feed them to her one at a time while I milk her. No female critter can think o’ two things at once, an’ she’ll forget her heels in having her tongue pleased.”

Now this worked like a charm; or perhaps it was that a change of scene had improved the heifer’s manners. But henceforth whenever she was milked, there was always some delicacy provided for her to chew on while she stood. Then from being kindly treated, and having no rival in the yard to make her jealous, she soon forgot all her tricks and settled down into an unbroken course of the prettiest behavior.

In fact, both Mrs. Roberts and Gabriel declared that such a cow had never been seen before; so beautiful, so good-natured, so sensible. The old woman would waken out of a nightmare at night in which she had dreamed of losing the cow, and again and again stole out and put her arms about the creature’s neck and fairly wept with joy at her reassurance in the possession. Every morning she said to the red heifer, “There you are, my

beauty!" Gabriel milked her at sunrise, a great pail of foaming milk, and then went about taking the milk to their customers. "*Customers*" — the old woman used to repeat the word to herself again and again and look at the three sets of chalk-marks on the pantry-door. "*Customers*" — the word had such a rich, thrifty sound to it.

Then at night the milkman called to take their milk, and put it into a great can which he sent off by the eight o'clock train to town. Here was wealth indeed!

And besides Gabriel had milk to drink; milk on his potatoes, bread and milk — puddings too, on a Sunday at least! Why it was an era of actual luxury in that household which had formerly known nothing except scanty rations and privation.

Then driving the cow to pasture (Squire Lowry, a distant relation of Gabriel's had given them a bit of pasture land in his river-meadow) was to the boy an experience of almost unmixed delight. The sky was over him, and the beautiful thousand-faced and thousand-voiced nature was all about him. Hitherto, when he had lounged about the

fields, he had had a hopeless vagabondish feeling of being of no use in the world. Now he seemed to be a part of the days and the seasons; of the bright magical world of life and color all about him. He learned to know every bird which whirred and soared and called and sang; he knew the favorite flowers of the bees and the secret of the gray rabbit's nest. He was, in fact, learning everything nowadays; he was going to school at the academy, and could hold his own with any boy there.

There was nevertheless one regret which followed him everywhere; and that was for dear little Jap. He missed the dog with his pretty ways, his loving companionship, and it cut Gabriel to the heart to think that it was he, he himself, who had sold the little creature for a "mess of pottage" and had sent him away into the black world of silence and distance. Was the little dog happy? Was he loved, tended, guarded from the cold and rain? Who could answer these questions which made Gabriel's heart swell almost to bursting when they came up to him in the lonely night?

It would have been strange indeed if Gabriel had not had the liveliest sense of gratitude for what little Jap had done for him. The dog may have been an unconscious instrument, but he was all the same the real instrument of this amazing good luck. Even the old grandmother by this time regarded Jap as a sort of fairy-gift which had changed all their fortunes. Her heart had grown softer, and she found herself wishing now and then that she had never ill-treated the little dog.

CHAPTER III.

THE exchange had been made in May, and the summer and autumn passed all too quickly, and winter came. But with the winter came Christmas with its warmth and glow of good cheer and kind feeling, which brought back the beauty of the summer and the richness of the autumn. For Gabriel and his grandmother were to have a Christmas this year. Hitherto in Gabriel's life this holiday season had been something to shudder at. But now even Mrs. Roberts had said, "Let us keep Christmas, Gabriel!" and he had dressed the little house with evergreens and done all he could to make things look festival-like. His grandmother, too, had performed her part, and what a dinner she set forth, after they had been to church that day! Gabriel had brought a dinnerless boy home to dine with him, and how the two laughed as they

saw the array of good things on the table, which were only a promise ; for was not the happy old grandmother still busy at the fire over good things to come ? This was a Christmas indeed ! Out in her stall in the shed, the red heifer was eating a warm sweet mush of her own, for it was a bitter cold day and she needed comfort. So when Gabriel sat down to dinner he felt that everybody was having a good time, but he did say with a full heart, " I wish little Jap was here ! "

And at this moment something unexpected happened which almost sent his heart into his mouth. It was an impatient, short little bark.

" What's that ? " he exclaimed, and was out of doors in an instant, tearing down the yard to the gate. And what do you suppose he saw ? Why, there sat little Jap on his hind legs begging to be let in.

Gabriel pounced on him with the swiftness of a hawk upon its prey, but with a difference, for he strained the little creature to his breast, kissing his little soft head over and over, while Jap, on his side, showed the liveliest joy at seeing Gabriel.

He licked his face, he licked his hands, he uttered little soft whines ; he even wagged his tail at the sight of old Mrs. Roberts who had followed her grandson out and now stood in utter consternation raising her hands and exclaiming, in fear and trembling, "Has the cow got to go?"


For now that the little dog had come back, she could not see what would happen except that there should be a first transformation scene, and the beautiful red heifer and the bright new milk pans and the chalk-marks on the pantry door—in short all signs of richness and plenty which she had given her new youth—all, all vanish away and leave nothing behind but this conceited little pug.

Gabriel, however, after quaking for a moment over the thought of the red-faced drover coming down the lane and demanding his heifer back, thought the matter out sensibly, and said, "Jap must have run away from his owner and come back to me. Jap, tell me this minute where you came from!"

Jap, however, said not a word concerning his adventures, but entering the familiar kitchen and

smelling the steaming dinner, at once jumped up in a chair and began to beg for some. Not even the old grandmother had the heart to refuse him his share of the best, and when he licked her hand she patted him quite kindly and everything was made up between them. In fact, Jap's arrival seemed just what was needed to put the whole party in the highest spirits for the feast. It was Christmas day and their duty was to eat, drink and be merry.

But when Gabriel awoke next morning with Jap's head against his shoulder, and when he went out to the shed to milk the cow followed by Jap, jaunty and important as ever at his heels, he began to wonder how he could possibly be the owner of both the cow and the dog at once. It seemed quite a delicate question, and he knew not how to answer it. A fair exchange is no robbery, but the gain from this operation seemed to be wholly on one side. He could not exactly quarrel with this singular result, but although he would have been perfectly satisfied if he could have owned both cow and dog, he could not reconcile it to his con-





AT THAT INSTANT GABRIEL SAW A NOTICE FASTENED TO A TREE,



science that at present they both seemed to be his.

If Jap could only speak — only tell where he had been! But the only answer he made to the most persistent question was to put up his paws to beg.

“Oh! Jap, Jap,” Gabriel said many times that day, “don’t you understand that you did very wrong to steal yourself?”

Jap, however, remained entirely undisturbed by remorse. He seemed frankly pleased to get back to his old quarters. He wore a silver chain about his neck, but in spite of such splendors he seemed to have grown more humble and thankful-minded in the interval that he had been away. And after the grandmother had once made up her mind that nobody was likely to appear and carry off her precious cow in place of Jap, she was very good to the little dog, giving him a corner by the fire and selecting tid-bits for his meals.

“It seems to be all right,” said Gabriel on the third day while walking along the village street. At that instant, however, he saw a notice fastened to a tree which sent the blood to his face.

It ran thus :

Strayed or Stolen on Christmas day, a Japanese pug dog with a silver link collar, marked J. S. Any one returning the animal within three days will receive a suitable reward. *John Blackwell.*

Gabriel's duty was simple enough. There was Jap trotting before him, and there was Judge Blackwell's great house up on the hill. All Gabriel had to do was to take the dog in his arms and go and knock at that wide front door.

"Let the boy come in," said Judge Blackwell, when he heard of his errand. Gabriel was shown into a large crimson-furnished and fire-lighted room, where the Judge was sitting with his married daughter who was visiting him. Now this was the real mistress of Jap who had paid a great price for him; but Jap only looked at her, wagged his tail once and stayed with Gabriel.

"You see," Gabriel explained rather shocked at the pug's want of feeling, "he used to be my dog."

"Your dog?" said the Judge. "How is that?"

Then the whole story came out, and it amused the Judge and his daughter so much that they

asked Gabriel a thousand questions ; about himself, his grandmother, and the heifer, and their prospects generally.

“ I think, my dear, I should like to have the lad keep his pet,” said the old gentleman to his daughter. “ If your husband does not mind, the dog shall stay with his former master, and I will buy you another. I like the little fellow’s fidelity in going back to his old home on a Christmas day.”

Gabriel, modest, tried to be proud. But it was of no use. His face shone so brightly at the idea of having his dog back that it told all the story and his words went for nothing. So he carried Jap home and the two live together to this day. Old Mrs. Roberts divides her affections between her grandson, the red cow, and Jap nowadays, and has made a red cushion for the latter.

THE RICH MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

IT was in the summer of 18— that mining business took me into Colorado and well over it. Almost the first acquaintance I made there was Abe Carter, a genuine “old-timer.” Having many business transactions with him, I learned to respect his keen insight, his quaint straightforwardness, his manly nature. A large, full-bearded, great-hearted fellow was he, though gruff and blunt in manners to strangers; especially to “tender feet,” for whom “old-timers” generally have a profound contempt. Notwithstanding the fact that I was undeniably one of this unfortunate class, we were friendly from the first; and much that I learned of mining lore was due to his intelligent companionship. Eventually we became stanch friends, and for a friend to be relied upon in weal or woe, give me one of his kind.

The next summer while we were travelling towards camp in the Gunnison Country, we passed the ravine now well known as "Dead Man's Gulch," and I asked him about the origin of the name. He told me the story of the massacre there years ago, but confessed he had forgotten many of the facts.

"Tell you what," added he, "Ouray is camped near here and we'll get him to tell us about it." So after selecting a camping-spot for the night we rode off in the direction of Ouray's camp.

Ouray was then the Chief of the Indians, and to the day of his death, a good friend to the white men. His house was carpeted and comfortably furnished, even to silverware for the table, and he subscribed to and read many of the leading newspapers. This superior intelligence did not extend to the members of his family, however, and after his death his wife went back to her tapee, and Ouray's house and its refined belongings were scattered to the four winds.

We found Ouray sociable and communicative. He gave us an intelligent account of the massacre.

"In 1859," he said, "five white men left their

Eastern homes to seek for gold in the secret safes and vaults of the Rocky Mountains. While crossing the Plains they met a Cheyenne Indian who declared he could direct them to a rich mineral vein, and would do it for a small consideration in blankets, etc.; but guide them personally he would not. It would be death to him to go. Did they not know that a feud existed between the Mountain and the Plains Indians? If either were caught on the other's ground, there was but one way off of it for the offender, and that was straight into the Happy Hunting Grounds. But the men argued, persuaded and bribed until they finally prevailed upon the Cheyenne to go with them, promising to protect him through all dangers. Continuing their journey, they met with no adventure until they reached the gulch, which had then, of course, no name, as their party was the very first to cross the main range.

“Here they camped for the night without disturbance, intending an early start in the morning. They cosily cooked their breakfast in their little black frying-pan and ate it with a keen relish.

Strapping the pan and their blankets on a pony's back, they were just ready to resume the journey, when they suddenly descried a party of Indians. They were the dread Mountain redskins. They at once demanded that the white men should give up to them their Indian guide. The whites refused. The chief of the band declared that though they would not disturb the white men, the Indian they must and would have ; he must be given up or he would be taken by force. Of course the white men could see, he argued, that resistance was useless as his band numbered three hundred braves.

“ But the men were true to their pledged word. They resolved to protect the Indian as best they could. There certainly was not the shadow of a chance for him ; and how they themselves would fare was doubtful.

“ At that moment the fate of all of them was suddenly settled.

“ This was the situation : the white men were in the bed of the ravine. High bluffs rose on either side. The Indians swarmed on the ledges and levels of one of the lower bluffs. There was but

one mile more to make before the broad open *mesa* would offer the little party its chances of escape ; and to reach this open country was their only hope, and they knew the whole distance would be lined with the moving enemy.

“ And this was the crisis : while the parley had been going on, an Indian on the opposite bluff had been continually dancing, gesticulating and shouting. He would occasionally drop on one knee, draw his bow straight for his victim’s head, and then leap into the air in triumph, as if he had really laid him in the dust. As these pantomimes had become more frequent, one of the whites had watched his movements with increasing dread. And now as he observed him aiming with greater care than at any time before, the man fired at him just in time, as he hoped, to save the life of the terrified guide. The savage with a wild leap and plunge tumbled into a small gorge.

“ The arrow had not been discharged, and the fatal shot so enraged the other braves that shower after shower of arrows at once came flying into the camp of the unfortunate white men. All parleying,

all possibility of compromise was at an end. Being at every natural disadvantage, they were also entirely at the mercy of the Indians. Notwithstanding this, they fought like heroes. Driving their horses up the ravine they took refuge behind them, firing over their backs. When these barricades fell before them, they flew from bush to tree, still firing continually. When the last brave fellow dropped, the opening of the ravine was not a quarter of a mile ahead. Three quarters of a mile had they travelled, with three hundred Indians firing upon them from above.

“The Plains Indian was carried off in triumph, but the bodies of the whites were left where they fell. Their own fallen braves, twenty-five in number, were thrown into the gorge, where the first savage had tumbled — hence the dismal name by which the spot is known.”

Ouray, who had been an eye-witness to the scene, could not sufficiently express his admiration of the courage and good marksmanship with which the white men fought, nor his regret that he had not been able to control the Utes.

I inquired whether there was in existence any clue to the men all of whom, he said, were less than thirty-five years of age. He produced part of a diary that had been found on the ground; but the penciled words were indistinct and no names could be traced. I determined to visit the spot and accordingly Carter and I rode over to it the next morning. There we saw the bleached bones of the brave fellows and walked the straight and narrow path that they had desperately taken to their fate.

Carter aroused me from a melancholy reverie. I followed him across the ravine and up to the ground where the Indians had fought. The gorge in which the braves had been thrown was an open spot, and jumping down I tossed out whatever I could find in the shape of a trophy. As I was about to ascend, with a handful of arrows, a small, curious-looking parcel attracted my attention. After unrolling piece after piece of buckskin and string after string of rawhide, I concluded there was nothing to find, when some small object dropped at my feet. Picking it up, I found it to be a beautiful

stone of about the size of a small walnut, evidently the property of a medicine-man.

Much pleased to secure such a relic, we left the spot and started for camp, thirty miles away. There I showed the stone to Jack Armstrong, a man who had the reputation of being a good mineralogist. He examined it closely. Presently he asked what I would take for it. I did not care to part with it, but I gave him permission to carry it to his cabin that night for farther examination. In the morning he offered me ten dollars for it ; but it was worth more to me than that as a curiosity ; and valuable or not, I preferred to keep it. When he found that I would not part with it, he drew me aside and lowering his voice said, "Do you know what that is? It's an opal, and there's no telling how much it is worth !"

This information I kept to myself until the following morning, when I revealed it to Carter together with the plan that I had formed.

"Now," said I, "if that's an opal, I know where it came from, and there's probably a bed of them."

Carter gave a long whistle. He heartily approved

of my plan, which was to seek for the bed of opals again, and bring as many as practicable back with us. We were to share the work and the proceeds. We at once set about making preparations.

Although I had avoided mentioning the worth or nature of the stone to any one, Armstrong had electrified the boys, not so much with the fact that I had found an opal, as with stories of the fabulous wealth I was about to secure, and there was great interest felt in our expedition, and the camp gave us a hearty "Godspeed."

After a week's steady travelling, we found the locality where I had noticed the strange stones, and we went to work with a will. Before leaving camp, I had sent my specimen to New York, for Tiffany's inspection, in order to learn its exact worth. I expected to find a letter in reply to mine awaiting me on my return to camp.

For two months we worked constantly, hoping to return to camp before the first snow should fall. At the end of that time, our ponies laden with the milky stones, we started for our winter quarters with the lightest hearts that ever men carried. The

first part of the trip was made quickly and pleasantly but as the way grew more rugged, our heavily burdened horses showed signs of exhaustion. Our provisions, too, were nearly consumed. We had taken supplies for a ten-weeks trip, and at the end of that time we found there was a four or five days' journey before us yet. Living on short rations did not improve our strength or aid our progress. We decided that Carter should ride on ahead without load, as he could make the trip alone in less than half the time we could with our loaded beasts, and come out to meet me with food and a fresh horse.

The rest of the way was tiresome and lonesome enough for me, and storms threatened to burst almost hourly; but I looked at my treasure bags and jogged cheerfully along. This trip safely over, there was that in those bags which would render me independent of labor or care. I made the distance in much less time than I expected. I well remember the day I reached the brow of the last hill. The camp fires glimmered through the trees. I could hear the voices of the boys as they sang around it. Fine voices they were too and their

rich notes floated to me, set to the music of the sighing pines. The delicious calm that pervaded the spot and controlled my senses seemed to me a beautiful prophecy of the future of the rest and comfort I had planned for myself.

As I entered the main road, I was greeted by the sight of Carter's stalwart figure, while his honest gray eyes looked a gladness that needed no words to interpret. He was just setting out to meet me.

"Haven't heard from New York?" was my first question as we walked along.

"Yes, here's the letter," and he handed it to me.

I put it in my pocket, feeling that nothing now was needed to complete my happiness that night; anxious as I had been to receive it, possession was sufficient for the present.

"I told the boys of our success," said Abe, "and of our plan to turn the claim over to them in the spring. They're half wild over the luck of it, and are making plans already for work. They'll have a rousing jollification now you've come."

They welcomed me with shouts and the waving

of frying-pans. They sang, "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," and manifested their good spirits in many absurd ways. After supper, I emptied one of the treasure bags, and giving to each of the boys a handsome stone, I left them for the rest I so much needed. Weary as I was, I fell asleep with a sense of perfect peace, as refreshing as it was unusual. The last words I heard were these :

"Well, he is in luck ! Here's the storm and it'll be a staver too."

When all the stones were piled upon the cabin floor the next morning, they made a mound of hazy loveliness which called forth various and characteristic exclamations from the group gathered around them. But I fear the beautiful heap would have excited little interest if each tiny bit had not seemed to represent a genuine greenback.

"Too bad you can't send them East and realize on them before spring," said one of the group.

"Yes," added another, "and just how are you going to do it when you do have a chance?"

A dozen such questions were put to me at once ; and then it was that I took the letter from my pocket

and told them it was from Tiffany, and from it I should learn the value of my precious stones.

No one stirred as I opened the letter; and I might have been amused at the eager faces and attitudes about me, if I had noticed them.

"Well," said I, "I sent him my specimen and he says—"

"Well, what? Do go on!" cried half a dozen impatient voices.

I looked at Carter. He took the letter from me, glanced over the three lines, and finished my sentence for me.

"He says," throwing the letter aside, "it's just a bit of chalcedony. 'Tain't worth nothin'."

ONE WAY TO BE BRAVE.

PAPA," exclaimed six-year-old Marland, leaning against his father's knee after listening to a true story, "I wish *I* could be as brave as that!"

"Perhaps you will be when you grow up."

"But maybe I sha'n't ever be on a railroad train when there is going to be an accident?"

"Ah! but there are sure to be plenty of other ways for a brave man to show himself."

Several days after this, when Marland had quite forgotten about trying to be brave, thinking, indeed, that he would have to wait anyway until he was a man, he and his little playmate, Ada, a year younger, were playing in the dog-kennel. It was a very large kennel, so that the two children often crept into it to "play house." After awhile, Marland who, of course, was playing the papa of the

house, was to go "down town" to his business; he put his little head out of the door of the kennel, and was just about to creep out, when right in front of him in the path he saw a snake. He knew in a moment just what sort of a snake it was, and how dangerous it was; he knew it was a rattlesnake, and that if it bit Ada or him, they would probably die. For Marland had spent two summers on his papa's big ranch in Kansas, and he had been told over and over again, if he ever saw a snake to run away from it as fast as he could, and this snake just in front of him was making the queer little noise with the rattles at the end of his tail which Marland had heard enough about to be able to recognize.

Now you must know that a rattlesnake is not at all like a lion or a bear, although just as dangerous in its own way. It will not chase you; it can only spring a distance equal to its own length, and it has to wait and coil itself up in a ring, sounding its warning all the time, before it can strike at all. So if you are ever so little distance from it when you see it first, you can easily escape from it. The only



THE LITTLE RANCHMAN. (*From a photograph.*)

danger is from stepping on it without seeing it. But Marland's snake was already coiled, and it was hardly more than a foot from the entrance to the kennel. You must know that the kennel was not out in an open field, either, but under a piazza, and a lattice work very near it left a very narrow passage for the children, even when there wasn't any snake. If they had been standing upright, they could have run, narrow as the way was; but they would have to crawl out of the kennel and find room for their entire little bodies on the ground before they could straighten themselves up and run. Fortunately, the snake's head was turned the other way.

"Ada," said Marland very quietly, so quietly that his grandpapa, raking the gravel on the walk near by, did not hear him, "there's a snake out here, and it is a rattlesnake. Keep very still and crawl right after me."

"Yes, Ada," he whispered, as he succeeded in squirming himself out and wriggling past the snake till he could stand upright. "*There's room*, but you mustn't make any noise!"

Five minutes later the two children sauntered slowly down the avenue, hand in hand.

“Grandpapa,” said Marland, “there’s a rattlesnake in there where Ada and I were; perhaps you’d better kill him!”

And when the snake had been killed, and papa for the hundredth time had folded his little boy in his arms and murmured, “My brave boy! my dear, brave little boy!” Marland looked up in surprise.

“Why, it wasn’t I that killed the snake, papa! it was grandpapa! I didn’t do anything; I only kept very still and ran away!”

But you see, in that case, keeping very still and running away was just the bravest thing the little fellow could have done; and I think his mamma — for I am his mamma, and so I know just how she did feel — felt when she took him in her arms that night that in her little boy’s soul there was something of the stuff of which heroes are made.

THE GYPSY'S PROPHECY.

WHEN aunt Judic went away, she had a pleasant fashion of leaving a surprise.

She always gave us all, from papa, to Butler the stable boy, a parting gift, and then after she had gone, we always found a surprise for somebody ; and it was always just what nobody expected.

One year she subscribed for all of the choice periodicals which we just could not afford.

Jim and I used to count the visits that we could remember, so : papa's leather-chair visit, mamma's gilded work-stand visit, the summer-house visit.

Mamma had wanted a summer-house in a certain spot for a long time, and had told aunt Judic all her plans. The week after she went away, carpenters and masons came and put up the summer-house after mamma's own plans, and said they were already paid.

We were never glad to see auntie go, however. She was better than a dozen surprises. She took such an interest in all of our affairs, and all of my ideas, that everybody else laughed at, she listened to as though they were fairy tales.

The last time she was here the thing I talked most about, was the ponies that some of the girls had. I had thought and thought about them, and had dreamed of a pair that I should like to possess. I never could have told anybody but aunt Judic about that. She never laughed, even at air-castles; but she did say that when you were building an air-castle for yourself, you must make it fit you, Anything else was bad taste. After I had talked to auntie, I changed my ideas about the ponies. I had imagined myself driving a tiny, fiery pair of calico ponies, shaking and jingling gold bells, and drawing a village cart lined with pale blue satin, and with a blue parasol ruffled with lace; but aunt Judic said that that would suit a circus parade better than our country roads, and the satin would soil, and the cart not be very comfortable; so after we had discussed it a while I did think

that a phaeton cushioned in leather and a pair of Shelties would be much nicer. Not that I ever expected to have them.

After aunt Judic went away, Jim and I looked around for the surprise, and we *were* surprised when ten days went and there was no sign of any.

We could not talk about it, for mamma forbade us ever *expecting* aunt Judic to leave anything.

Nearly two weeks after she had gone, papa called upstairs, and asked me if I did not want to go for a drive. I was always glad to ride in papa's little box buggy, and ran down with my hat and gloves, at once. Mamma and papa were standing on the veranda, and on the drive—I fairly rubbed my eyes—were the identical ponies and phaeton that aunt Judic and I had decided would be just the thing for me. Jim was on one side, and black Butler on the other, both grinning their widest. Aunt Polly and Dinah were leaning from the dining-room window, all waiting to see me come out.

"Aunt Judith's surprise is all for you this time," said mamma.

I did not receive my gift with much formality.

I hugged both shaggy ponies, and named them Rowdy and Dandy on the spot. It took me a week to find out that the names were exactly wrong. Rowdy was very nice, and had all he could do to keep the Dandy in bounds.

After the turnout had been duly admired, and every appointment examined, Jim and I got in and drove off, and I know there wasn't a happier girl in the United States, than I.

For a week we were perfectly happy with those ponies, and explored every road for miles. One afternoon as we were driving out through the suburbs of the town, we passed some very odd-looking women, walking slowly along, carrying curiously-shaped willow baskets. They were very brown, and their black hair was pinned into bunches of shining braids. Their hats were large and looked home-braided, and were almost covered with gay flowers. They were very clean and neat, and we could not imagine what people they could be. It was not far from the railroad station, so we concluded that they were immigrants.

We drove around the "Horseshoe," a drive of

six miles, that brought us back into town almost where we went out, and as we were coming back through the "Hutchin's Wood," Jim drew up the ponies and we stared about us. On both sides of the road were cars or vans, gayly painted, looking on the outside, much-like the closed cages in a circus, only much larger. They had windows, and some stood with the doors open. The inside was a little room, snug as a room on an ocean steamer. The beds, or berths, had lace covers, lined with pink or blue, and with lace-trimmed pillows. The curtains were of chintz or lace, and while it was all very coarse, they looked very clean and cosey.

There were several children playing among them, and one girl balancing herself on a barrel as she rolled it over the grass. When she saw us she bounded down, ran into one of the cars and shut the door, appearing a moment after in a short red satin skirt, and a velvet bodice, with a tambourine in her hand. She stopped on the grass in front of us, and begun to dance very slowly, and sing a sort of chant, shaking and pounding her tambourine and once in a while giving it a light kick. Be-

fore she had finished, a woman came from a hollow, where we could see smoke, and horses. As soon as we saw her we knew that the "immigrants" had come from here. They were Gypsies of course, but quite unlike the usual dirty tenting tribes.

This woman was just like those we had seen in the town, only younger, and with a silk handkerchief bound around her head, instead of the straw hat.

She was smiling brightly as she came up. "Let me tell the good luck in store for the young lady and gentleman," she said, holding out her hand.

Jim looked at me, and I looked at Jim. We both wanted our fortunes told, and neither would own being so silly, to the other.

The Gypsy caught the look, and said:

"Ah, I see, the young gentleman has no silver, just now. Another time."

That was more than Jim could stand; for a gypsy to think that he had no pocket-money. He drew out of his pocket his silver dollar, and before I could speak, it was in the woman's pocket. Jim had been saving that dollar for ever so long, to go on a steamboat excursion to Willow Island.

The Gypsy begun to mutter something over Jim's hand. She told him a lot of nonsense about his going to be a leader of men. That he would travel much, and be pointed out in the crowd, and all that, and then she came to me.

"The lines of your hand are of great promise. You are going to have some joy and some sorrow. For a few years you are going to have a quiet life, and then will come pleasure and triumphs. Sometime, it may be soon, or it may be late, you are going to have a loss. A grievous loss." And so she rambled on. The only tangible thing was my prospective loss, and although I would have scorned to believe in a gypsy, still I wondered what that loss was going to be.

I suppose we should have told of the Gypsies when we got home, although I doubt if Jim would have told what he had bought with his dollar; but we found the whole house in commotion. Papa had had a telegram saying that Grandmamma Fairfax was very ill and we were all to come on at once.

As we flew through the night on the Northern Express, I happened to think that the fortune-teller

had prophesied a loss. Oh! *could* it be dear grand-mamma? I could tell no one so terrible a fear, and all the long journey I was in agony. When we finally arrived, uncle John met us with so cheerful a face, that we knew before he spoke that grandmother was better. She had rallied almost as soon as they telegraphed, and was able to sit up among the pillows to receive us. I was very glad that I had not told Jim my fear.

We stayed two weeks, and then papa and mamma decided to take grandmamma to a little mountain resort, far from the railroads, and to send Jim and me home, with cousin Jack (who was sixteen), for company. We were going to travel back alone, and very important we felt. Hence, the colored man who had come up with us, would go on to the mountains with papa's party. It was the gayest kind of a journey home. Jack had been in Europe the summer before, and had not been down to our house for two years, so we had plenty to tell him. But the important topic was the ponies.

I could not talk enough about them, and Jack was not one of those disagreeable boys, that think

their own things the best in the world ; so it was a pleasure to tell him anything.

We arrived in the night, and Butler came over to meet us.

"How are the ponies, Butler?" I cried the first thing, but he just said "Yessum," and climbed up on the driver's seat. Butler always was stupid ; but I hoped that the ponies had been taken care of.

The next morning, I was up bright and early, to see my pets ; but early as I was, Jim and Jack were before me. Jim stood in the stable door, talking to Butler in a very excited manner, and Jack was the picture of wonder.

"See here, Bobolink !" Jim called out, as soon as he saw me. "Butler says the ponies went away the same evening that we did. And the idiot says he thought we took them."

"The ponies ! They aren't gone?" and I ran into the stable. I looked into every stall and the carriage-house, as though Butler might have overlooked them for two weeks. And then I sat down on the floor and cried.

"Cheer up ! cheer up, Bobolink," said Jack,

patting me on the shoulder. "They are *somewhere*. They haven't disappeared off of the face of the earth I reckon, and we'll find 'em."

"Oh! oh!" I sobbed. "The Gypsy woman said I was going to have a loss; and now I have one."

"Gypsy!" exclaimed Jack. "Are there Gypsies around? Whew!" with a long whistle.

"Yes, indeed," said Jim excitedly. "They were out in Hutchin's Wood the very afternoon we went away, and the woman told Bob's fortune, and said she was going to have a loss".—

"You needn't say anything, Jim Rosenberg!" I stopped crying long enough to say. "You had your fortune told too, and you *paid for them*."

"That's neither here nor there," said Jack. "The best thing that we can do is to look up the Gypsies. It's a very easy thing to prophesy when you are going to bring the thing to pass."

"Telegraph to papa," I suggested.

Jim turned on me with scorn: "Precious good a telegram would do, when he is twenty-five miles from a railroad, or a wire,"

If it had not been for Jack, I don't know what we should have done.

He went to work and managed everything. He found out all about the Gypsies ; how long they had stayed (they had left the next morning after we visited them), and that they had had dozens of horses and ponies, which they traded and sold. Nobody knew where they had gone, and Jack hired men, to go around the country and track them. He said he knew that papa would want no expense spared to get back the ponies.

It was some time before the Gypsies were found and then they indignantly denied having even seen them. There was no actual proof, so they could not be held. Jack now had the men go along the roundabout way that the Gypsies had taken, and see if they could find any trace of the ponies. There were several false clues. One smooth spotted pair, one of the men was sure were mine, clipped and colored. "Them Gypsies can do anything at horse-doctor'n'," he said.

Jim and Jack went out there to see, but found the ponies were a pair which the gentleman who

owned them, had just brought from New York. It was discouraging. I did wish I would get a letter from papa. We had written him the first day.

I sat on the veranda one day about ten days after we had come home, when Jack and Jim came in tired out.

"I am ever so sorry, Bobolink," Jack said, "but I can't imagine where those ponies can be. The Gypsies must have sent them away somewhere, and we shall have to get a detective to find them."

Just then Butler came along from the post-office, with a letter.

I snatched it eagerly, and sure enough it was a letter from papa. I opened it at once, certain he would say that he would come home and find my ponies. But no — he spoke of grandmamma's improved health, of how they were enjoying the mountains, and that he hoped that we were getting along all right. Then: "We laughed at your excitement over the ponies. I suppose you have found, long ago, that they are in the upper hill pasture. Shetlands are accustomed to running out, and I did not think that they would be benefited

by Butler's care. Henson took them out before we came away."

I had been reading aloud, and there I stopped. Jim picked up his hat, Jack took his, and I went bareheaded, and we almost ran that mile over the hill to the upper pasture.

There were the ponies, shaggier than ever, quietly grazing. The boys caught them, and I rode Rowdy home in triumph.

Jack said, "What will uncle Will say to the bills!"

Butler said, "Maybe Hense'll tell folks sompin' another time!"

Jim said, "A pretty way to treat those poor Gypsies!"

I said, "I haven't had a loss after all."

Nor have I as yet.

PLUM BLOOMS.

CLARINDA MOFFATT and Lizzie Peters stood together on the platform below the pulpit, and the people crowding Fletcher Chapel held their breath waiting for a decision.

Clarinda was the Widow Moffatt's daughter, and as the widow was known to have lived through a world of trouble, she had every right to the consolation of such a child.

Clarinda was straight, and made of as softly-curving flesh as any girl of seventeen. She had a very white perpendicular forehead, skin as transparent and nicely veined as white flower petals, and full cheeks palpitating with pink color.

Lizzie Peters was shorter and darker. Her hair crimped over her ears, and she had black eyes and an aquiline nose.

Both girls were dressed in white, but Lizzie

Peters's flowing robes had never been washed and ironed, darned, pieced and new ruffled.

They held their sheet music in hands crossed before them, and stood for the decision before they could take their seats. This was according to programme and what John Gill expected.

Now, John Gill never expected to set the neighborhood by the ears when he offered a hundred dollars as a prize to the best pupil in the music class. He said he wanted to encourage the girls to make singers and players of themselves. As to music, he knew nothing about that. But his farm bred premium cattle and poultry. He was rich, and still turning everything to money; public-spirited; a strong prop to the preachers on the circuit; he had paid off the last remnant of church debt; and when the music class was formed he became a patron of musical art. Clarinda Moffatt and Lizzie Peters rose out of the mass of Fletcher Chapel girls, their friends and neighbors took sides, and on this great Saturday afternoon they contested with each other at the end of the exhibition given by the music class.

More marches, quicksteps and sentimental songs

had blessed that audience than they ever hoped to feast upon at one meal again. They were an agricultural people, quite out of musical centres, and gauged all melody by tunes in the *Methodist Collection*, or the old note-books on family shelves. Of opera they had heard with a dull ear, classing it vaguely as any kind of theatrical performance. So no comparisons tarnished for them the present occasion with its closing moments of suspense.

John Gill, having offered the prize, was allowed to pick the committee who should award it. And there sat the committee smiling and at ease through those hours which they usually spent finishing up the week's work before Sunday; two stout farmers and Mrs. Holmes, the busiest woman in the whole country, who took the lead at weddings and funerals and always spoke in meeting.

These judges occupied the first bench on the left-hand side of the pulpit. But John Gill sat swallowed up in the audience, nudging and whispering, and often slapping his hands together like far resounding clappers. The music-teacher, also, to show how little she manipulated her prodigies, sat

among the crowd, calling in order the numbers from her written programme until the close, when Clarinda Moffatt and Lizzie Peters alternated in bringing down the house.

It was thought Mrs. Holmes would announce the verdict. But after consultation among the judges Abner Wykoff rose to his feet. He was a slow, confused speaker, and held his hands clasped across his stomach, twirling the thumbs as if that willing motion would help him find out his words. He had a heavy lower face and protruding under lip, and wore a blue checked coat and linen trousers. His huge neck looked choked by the neckband of his shirt, and this seemed to account for the bulging of his eyes and the spur-like formation of his eyebrows.

It was not known how far the Moffatt or Peters interest had corrupted the jury. Mrs. Holmes was a great friend of Mrs. Moffatt's, but the two committee-men had long served with Squire Peters as school-directors, and no teacher distasteful to the Peterses ever secured the school.

Therefore the Moffattites held their breath in

apprehension, and the Petersites held theirs in impatience when Abner Wykoff rose up instead of Mrs. Holmes. His voice wandered slowly over the house and his thumbs worked steadily, while Clarinda and Lizzie turned their downcast faces in his direction.

He said it was a fine thing to be edicated in music and literatoor. They didn't take holt of them things when he was a boy. 'The country was newer and times was harder. But he liked to hear good singin' and playin' and believed his neighbors liked to hear good singin' and playin'. One of his neighbors had went to the expense of offerin' a prize for the best singin' and playin'.

There wasn't no main in Fairfield County, no, nor the State of Ohio, that wanted to see the fair thing done by them two young females — young ladies, more than he did; than all the committee did. It was hard to decide. Both was good on the organ — or pyanno whichever you may call it — both knowed their notes well and was far ahead of us old fogies. And both was well respected in the neighborhood. But the committee thought if there

was any tipping of the scale, it tipped — on this occasion — a leetle the way of Lizzie Peters. She was a leetle the best performer.

And being here confused by the loud buzzes rising around his ears, Abner Wykoff said he would close his remarks for this time and resume his seat; which he did, lifting the tails of his checked coat out of his way.

“Look at Clarie Moffatt — she’s as white as a sheet!” whispered a girl in the audience.

Widow Moffatt instantly rose up in her place, and Clarinda came down the aisle without looking at any one, received her hat and went out with her mother. They crossed the graveyard, climbed the whitewashed fence and took a path leading up the hill. The church could still be heard buzzing like a great hive.

Widow Moffatt was a little, firm-mouthed woman, smooth-haired and dark-eyed, always dressed in rusty mourning. She had buried a husband who drank himself into the grave, and a son who was to have been the support of her age, and had lost all her own kinspeople by quick consumption. She

had been brought up in plenty and her circumstances were now pinching. Therefore she had tasted disappointment ; but she was wise enough to know that this first taste of it in the mouth of her child — trivial as the occasion might seem — was too bitter for her to meddle with.

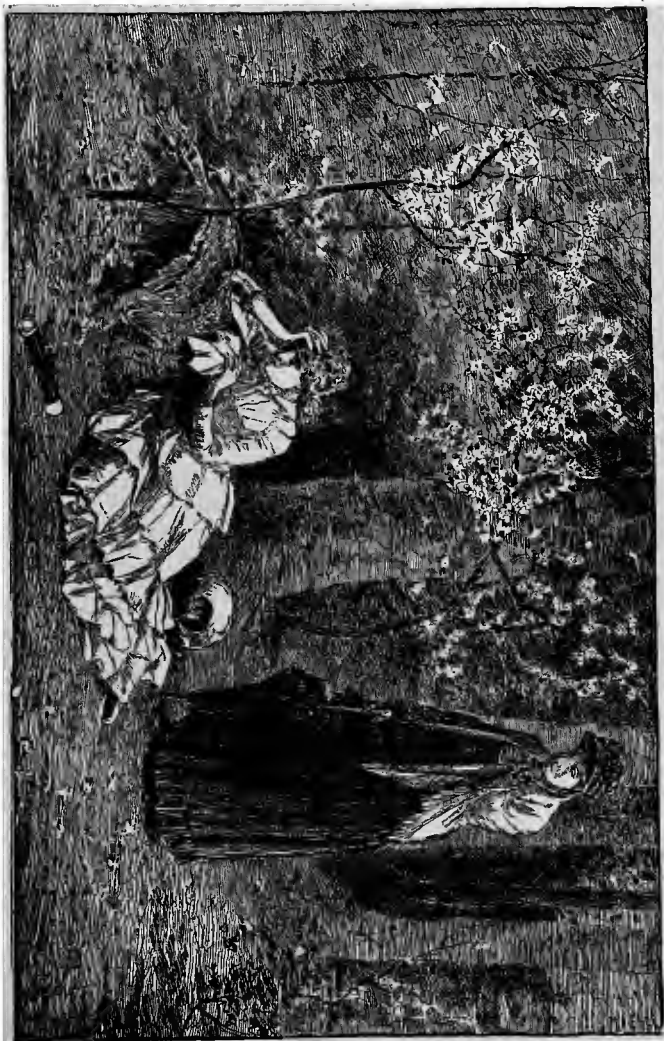
They entered the woods silently, Clarinda walking first and carrying her sheet music in her clinched left hand. And not a word was said until they came to a log so moss-grown that one could scarcely trace any line between it and the moss-cupped ground. Its top had already sunk in to form a yielding seat, and against this Clarinda flung herself face downward, frightening many little bugs out of their afternoon dream. Sobbing and crying aloud she pulled her dress with both hands from its pressure against her palpitating throat.

“ O mother, I can’t stand it ! it’s tearing me to pieces ! It’ll kill me ! ”

“ O no, it won’t, dear,” soothed the experienced woman, sitting down on the log and resting her troubled eyes on her child.

“ And what does he know about music ? It isn’t

ON THE WAY HOME.



fair — it isn't fair at all. Lizzie Peters flats — the teacher says she flats when she sings. And I can play as well as she can, even when she has a good piano to practice on, and I've just our old melodeon. And what does she want of that hundred dollars? Her father's rich, and every cent of it was for you. It would make the last payment on the place and set your mind at rest."

"My mind is used to being harried up, Clarie. But, my child, it hurts me most of anything to see what disappointments is in store for you. You do set your heart so on things."

"Well, I live among things, and it stands to reason I should set my heart on them."

"Yes, I know," sighed Widow Moffatt.

"If I's a disembodied spirit, maybe I'd be above wanting what other girls try for. But I'm a girl."

"Yes, I know," sighed Widow Moffatt again.

"What's the reason some folks get everything whether they deserve it or not, and other people do a great deal better and don't get anything?"

"O, my child, folks have asked that question since the foundation of the world. But there ain't

no accountin' for the way things turns out. We must just bear our crosses meekly with a Christian spirit."

"You know perfectly well, Mother Moffatt, I can't bear it meekly with a Christian spirit. And very few folks can when it comes to their own case."

"That's true," admitted Widow Moffatt.

"O, mother, I never can get over it! And right before everybody so! I thought you'd be so pleased if I got it. I could just see the neighbors shaking hands with you, and you puckering up your mouth for fear you'd smile too much. I never can make you happy enough to smile, now, mother, never, so long as I live!"

"Clarie, Clarie!"

"O, mother, what is the use of being alive!"

"Clarie, you'll break a blood-vessel!" continued the alarmed widow, smoothing down the girl's scarlet forehead between her palms. "Such feelings is sinful."

"What kind of feelings could a sinner have but sinful ones?" propounded Clarinda, bruising her nose in her handkerchief.

"But disappointments is so common," admonished her mother. "And troubles comes so thick. There isn't a house nor a family free from them."

"Mother, that doesn't do me a bit of good. I don't want other people to suffer, and I don't want to suffer because other people do."

"If you hadn't been disappointed this afternoon, Lizzie Peters would have been."

"That isn't the point at all," declared Clarinda. "I wanted a fair decision made, and I don't think it was a fair decision. And I believe most of the congregation thought it wasn't a fair decision."

"That's the way the person on the wrong side always feels," murmured Widow Moffatt. "You'll never get the world to do so fair by you as 'pears like it ought to. Make up your mind to that, my child."

Clarinda shook again with sobs, leaning against her mother's knees, who carded her flossy hair with work-darkened fingers and petted her hot temples.

"Come to look it over, it's a small matter compared with your eternal interests."

"But we've got to look after our earthly interests,

too, mother, while we stay down here," sobbed the girl.

"And it'll be all the same to you whether you took the prize or not, a hundred years from now," added the widow, bringing to her aid a well-worn country proverb.

"I don't believe that," quivered Clarinda. "Is it the same to you now whether you got a thing or didn't that you wanted real bad when you was a young girl?"

"No," admitted her mother, "it ain't. I wanted a drawn white silk bonnet once when I was about eighteen years old, and father's second wife objected to it. And I always felt the longing for that drawn silk bonnet, even after I's too old to wear it."

Having made this honest confession, Widow Moffatt got her girl again upon her feet, and they went to the house.

It was an unpainted lichen-eaten shell, built against the side-hill and upon a crazy-looking basement of stone. Plum and cherry-trees embraced it, and a stumpy apple orchard spread down the

slope behind it. The month of May was masking this aged den with leaves and vines. Tulips grew under the front window, and clove-currants hung heavy and sweet over the door. It was home to a heartsick girl.

Clarinda followed her mother into the bedroom and laid off her starched white dress to replace it with calico. Whatever calamities befell her she was obliged to save her clothes.

Widow Moffatt opened the lowest bureau drawer and put therein her parasol, her rusty bonnet and veil, her black merino shawl and her only pair of kid gloves, which kept the impress of her hands and lay resignedly crossed with the palms uppermost.

Mother and daughter moved about silently; and silently built the kitchen fire, and put on to stew that pullet which had been sacrificed to the hope of success.

The homely tokens of a very plain, very frugal life, surrounded them. There was the loose-jointed melodeon, out of tune, and tremulous under the lightest bellows pressure, which had been a marvel in the mother's old home but was incapable of giv-

ing the daughter proper expression. There were a couple of horsehair and mahogany chairs preserved as remnants of magnificence ; an album of faded and ghastly photographs ; the homemade striped carpet and rag-braided door-mat ; a centre table with a crocheted woollen cover ; and green paper window shades which shed a powdery poison upon you if you attempted to handle them. All these items and a hundred less imposing ones, made home to a girl palpitating with the richest possibilities of girlhood.

The chicken stew was dipped up with a pewter spoon and eaten from blue-edged plates with steel forks and knives. Still, mother had cooked it exceedingly well.

This occasion suggested the first lonely meal the two had eaten together after the only son's death. Then Clarinda had made up her mind to be both boy and girl to her mother. Now she was low-spirited as to being a passable girl.

It was long until milking time. The level shine of the setting sun came across the grass under the plum-trees, and there Clarinda lay down. The

trees themselves were mighty white hives, humming with bees.

The breath of the plum-trees filled her entire atmosphere. She got up and gathered some branches to put over her face, and took the perfume with long inhalations.

It was the first time she ever noticed how Nature comes between ourselves and our miseries. She was shut up among plum blooms in their temple of incense. It did seem useless to have hot temples and fierce thoughts, to be tormented by suspense and torn by despair. Around her came the coolness and quiet of the woods, the deep hollows where she had found mushrooms and blue-bells. A thousand hints of some better life than her agitated or stagnant existence flowed through her mind.

"I guess I don't care quite as much as I thought I did," said Clarinda. "Lizzie Peters has got the prize, but I've got plum blooms." With all her breath she sucked in this compensation.

The widow came out with an old comforter and a pillow, regarding the daughter's supple attitude with some misgivings.

"You better get up out of the grass, Clarie. The ground ain't warm enough for that yet."

Clarinda put the pillow under her head and made a seat of the comforter for her mother.

"Things do look so pretty out doors," observed Widow Moffatt, settling herself with a sigh.

"Yes, they're a comfort," said the girl. "Mother, I wish you'd break some more plum blooms. They go right into my soul."

"What a way to talk!" objected Widow Moffatt. And she felt an objection to breaking the plum branches, also. They needed every unit of fruit which would grow thereon. But with liberal hands she twisted a little limb from its place and laid it over her child.

"You sweet old mother," said Clarinda. "You're a plum bloom yourself. I've lots of them."

"You begin to feel as though you see the other side of things," said her mother.

"No, I don't. I don't see anything or know the wherefore of anything that happens."

"Sometimes I have thought nobody did," said her mother, "and them that explains the ways of

Providence the most ain't the deepest into the secret. You don't remember the preacher we had on our circuit that used to lay out all the Almighty's plans about the Chicago Fire. It did go against me to hear him talk so familiar and confident."

"I can sing, mother," spoke out Clarinda through her plum blossoms, "whatever any committee says about it. And I feel now as if I could sing the anthem to-morrow better than I ever did in my life."

"Well, I'm glad of that. I was afraid it would be different. My side never could throw off worriment of mind. I used to think the Moffatts could, but your father, he took things hard, too."

"O, the world's big and sweet," said Clarinda, gazing through chinks of fragrance at the sky. "I can't stay mad at things when I lie in the grass this way with flowers over my face."

Next morning both Moffattites and Petersites were surprised when Clarinda came into chapel before services begun, and kissed Lizzie at the organ. Both girls wore their white dresses again, and Clarinda had hid some stains on hers with

bunches of dew-damp plum blossoms. She looked as calm and wholesome and as well tuned to the Sabbath as if sweet and vigorous tree sap coursed in her veins instead of hot blood.

Neighbors in the congregation who had passed words on account of that decision the evening before, now smiled at one another with a sudden melting of the heart. At Fletcher Chapel when once hard feelings began to form around any imperceptible nucleus, the ball had been known to roll and gather through generations. Therefore, the mere fact of Clarinda Moffatt's kissing Lizzie Peters, her triumphant rival, instead of meeting her without speaking, warmed the morning's entire services. Every Petersite was willing to own that Clarinda never had equalled her singing on this occasion; and when the preacher after his closing prayer announced the music committee had something to say, no one was unprepared for what followed.

This time it was Mrs. Holmes who stepped out on the platform to speak in her concise manner.

She said it was put upon her to make the final announcement about the prize Brother Gill offered

the music class. A good many had misunderstood Brother Wykoff's remarks yesterday at the concert.

Brother Wykoff from his corner now interrupted her to say they all knowed he wasn't no talker when he was app'inted to serve. But he went into it feeling satisfied Sister Holmes could carry the men-folks through if they got their tongues hobbled.

Mrs. Holmes resumed that it wasn't Brother Wykoff's fault. He said the committee was a little in favor of Lizzie Peters's playing and spoke the highest of her on that occasion. But that was not intended to be final. Brother Gill had expressed a wish before the concert that two trials be given the best performers, the second trial on Sunday morning when they would not know they were being tested. Besides, a good many people who could not spare time for the concert right in their busy season, would hear the final trial at church on Sunday morning. This was Brother Gill's instruction to the committee.

Brother Gill, speaking up from congregational depths, said yes, it was. Both girls stood a fairer chance that way, and he liked fair dealing.

Mrs. Holmes went on to say she hoped them that understood yesterday would not blame the committee. Something had to be said then, and Brother Wykoff said it. The final decision had to be made to-day, and the committee had consulted together and made it. They were agreed that Clarinda Moffatt deserved the prize, judging to the best of their abilities.

What had been a buzzing the day before, expanded into churchly applause. Hands were clapped, and clapped vigorously when Lizzie Peters in her turn, rose up from the organ and kissed Clarinda Moffatt.

John Gill said it did his heart good, and he believed it did the neighborhood good, to see the way both girls acted.

Clarinda Moffatt was too young to define her thoughts; for though she sat smiling she could not feel sure whether it was because she had her heart's desire, or because the large patience and beauty of this goodly out-doors world had come so closely home to her.

